

# **CECYL ALLEN JOHNSON: PIONEER HISTORY OF LIFE IN CHURCHILL COUNTY, NEVADA**

## **THE ALLEN FAMILY AND THEIR DESCENDANTS**

Interviewee: Cecyl Allen Johnson

Interviewed: 1966

Published: 1970

Interviewer: Mary Ellen Glass

UNOHP Catalog #037

### Description

Cecyl Allen Johnson was a descendant of one of Churchill County's first families. Her great-grandfather, Cranston Allen, was a very early pioneer of the western Nevada area that became one of the state's first fourteen counties. Her grandfather, Lem Allen, was one of Nevada's best known politicians. Mrs. Johnson never left the family lands for very long. Born on her family's ranch in 1890, she spent part of her childhood there, attended the University of Nevada, taught in Fallon schools, and finally returned to keep the ranch home with her husband, James W. Johnson. She died at the Johnson (Allen) ranch near Fallon in October, 1966.

Mrs. Johnson's memoir includes material from family records about the early pioneers of the St. Clair district, where the Allens settled; Allen family genealogy; anecdotes and historical notes about politics, ranching, and industries of the Fallon area; accounts of Mrs. Johnson's own activities; social and cultural affairs of Churchill County; and a philosophical conclusion. References to many unusual activities not ordinarily associated with this ranching community abound: the Allen family's stable of famous racehorses, oil wildcatting, and others. Also included are a number of previously unorganized facts and assessments of the well-known Newlands Reclamation Project, probably the most important feature of Churchill County's agricultural industry.



**CECYL ALLEN JOHNSON:  
PIONEER HISTORY OF LIFE IN  
CHURCHILL COUNTY, NEVADA**

---



**CECYL ALLEN JOHNSON:  
PIONEER HISTORY OF LIFE IN  
CHURCHILL COUNTY, NEVADA  
THE ALLEN FAMILY AND THEIR DESCENDANTS**

An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass  
Edited by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

Copyright 1970  
University of Nevada Oral History Program  
Mail Stop 0324  
Reno, Nevada 89557  
unohp@unr.edu  
<http://www.unr.edu/oralhistory>

All rights reserved. Published 1970.  
Printed in the United States of America

Publication Staff:  
Director: Mary Ellen Glass

### **University of Nevada Oral History Program Use Policy**

All UNOHP interviews are copyrighted materials. They may be downloaded and/or printed for personal reference and educational use, but not republished or sold. Under “fair use” standards, excerpts of up to 1000 words may be quoted for publication without UNOHP permission as long as the use is non-commercial and materials are properly cited. The citation should include the title of the work, the name of the person or people interviewed, the date of publication or production, and the fact that the work was published or produced by the University of Nevada Oral History Program (and collaborating institutions, when applicable). Requests for permission to quote for other publication, or to use any photos found within the transcripts, should be addressed to the UNOHP, Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, Reno, NV 89557-0324. Original recordings of most UNOHP interviews are available for research purposes upon request.

---

# CONTENTS

Preface to the Digital Edition	ix
Introduction	xi
1. The Allen Family: Settlers in Churchill County, Nevada	1
2. Lem Allen's Descendants	15
3. Developments in Churchill County, Past and Present, Social and Economic	29
Contributions of Early Settlers	
Japanese in Churchill County	
Schools	
Churches and Early Social Activities	
The Library	
Economic Developments	
Fallon's Telephone System	
The Newlands Project	
Fallon Naval Air Station	
"Oil Booms"	
4. My Own Story	55
Appendix: Information on Presetn Day Allen Descendants	83
Original Index: For Reference Only	91





---

## PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber  
Director, UNOHP  
July 2012

---

## INTRODUCTION

Cecyl Allen Johnson was a descendant of one of Churchill County, Nevada's first families. Her great-grandfather, Cranston Allen, was a very early pioneer of the western Nevada area that became one of the state's first fourteen counties. Her grandfather, Lem Allen, was one of Nevada's best known politicians. Mrs. Johnson never left the family lands for very long; born on the ranch in 1890, she spent part of her childhood there, attended the University of Nevada, taught in Fallon schools, and finally returned to keep the ranch home with her husband, James W. Johnson. She died at the Johnson (Allen) ranch near Fallon in October, 1966.

Then invited to participate in the Oral History Project, Mrs. Johnson accepted enthusiastically, saying that such a program would help her to realize a long-held ambition; namely, to put Churchill County's history on record. She assembled a lifetime's collection of notes, clippings, and scrapbooks, visited a number of other pioneers in the area to refresh her memories, and began at the ranch

a series of six recordings which lasted from February to August, 1966. (Where possible, references have been included in footnotes or text.) The memoir includes material from family records about the early pioneers of the St. Clair district where the Allens settled, Allen family genealogy, anecdotes and historical notes about politics, ranching, and industries of the Fallon area, accounts of Mrs. Johnson's own activities, social and cultural affairs of Churchill County, and a philosophical conclusion. References to many unusual activities not ordinarily associated with this ranching community abound: the Allen family's stable of famous racehorses, oil wildcatting, and others. Also included are a number of previously unorganized facts and assessments of the well-known Newlands Reclamation Project, probably the most important feature of Churchill County's agricultural industry.

Mrs. Johnson's oral history was reviewed by her son, Mr. James W. Johnson, Jr., of Reno. The review resulted in no significant

changes from the original as submitted. We acknowledge Mr. Johnson's assistance with thanks.

The Oral History Project of the University of Nevada, Reno, Library preserves the past and the present for future research by tape-recording the reminiscences of persons who have played significant roles in the development of Nevada and the West, or who have witnessed events of importance. Scripts resulting from the interviews are deposited in the Special Collections Department of the University Library, where they are available to scholars. Cecyl Allen Johnson's oral history is designated as open for research.

Mary Ellen Glass  
University of Nevada, Reno  
1970

---

## THE ALLEN FAMILY: SETTLERS IN CHURCHILL COUNTY, NEVADA

Cranston Allen was born in Otsego County, New York, on July 14, 1816, married to Elizabeth Hootman, who was born February 23, 1817. They were married September 14, 1837, and moved to Carroll County, Ohio, where six children were born to them, four boys and two girls. The names of the boys were Dave, Jake, Joe, and Lemuel. Lemuel was the youngest. The daughters were Mary and Kate. Cranston Allen moved to Van Buren County, Iowa, in 1839. He farmed there and raised his family.

In 1850, Cranston Allen and his oldest son David came around the Horn to San Francisco. They stayed there three years. Then he went back to Van Buren County. Son David stayed, and finally settled in Los Angeles County. If Cranston had stayed, he might have settled on the land [where] the Palace Hotel now stands. He had the chance, but he moved on.

In 1863, Cranston crossed the plains and joined his son Lemuel at Wild Cat Station, Nevada. Lemuel was his youngest son. He

was followed by his wife, two sons, and two daughters in 1864. They came out to join him in Nevada. Wild Cat Station was on the Pony Express route. Of course, it wasn't working at the time. Wild Cat Station started in 1860, and only lasted nineteen months, but it was still on that trail at that time. It was right up here south of the valley. There is still a little place—a little adobe place—where it had run. It started in 1860 and only ran until early 1862, nineteen months, but there was still the remnants of it. The Wild Cat Station was south of Churchill County, in the hills there.

After being there at Wild Cat Station a year or two, they rented a ranch near the main road on the Overland trail. My grandfather's [Lem Allen] reminiscence reads,

My father was with us, he crossed the plains that year. He and I located three hundred and twenty acres of land west and north of the lake. All we had was a squatter's right.

Now that's the only time he mentions that. In 1864, the mother and brothers came out. Grandfather wrote,

In February, 1867, we rented a place which nowadays is four miles southwest of Fallon so we could sell our hay, it being on the main teamsters' road. In the fall of 1868, we bought that place and lived on it for forty-four years.

They bought the three hundred and twenty acres in the St. Clair district from St. Clair, for whom the district had been named. Here he and his son ran—we're talking about Cranston Allen—ran a post office, a general store, selling supplies and general merchandise and even wooden coffins. St. Clair Post Office was on the stage route from Wadsworth, a railroad town and the biggest town in that vicinity at that time, west of Stillwater. The stage stopped at St. Clair, left mail and supplies, then went on its destination in Stillwater, returning to Wadsworth the next day.

Cranston and wife had a small house north of the store. As he grew older, he read a great deal, and he used to walk to town. He was a great big man, and his wife was a tiny little person. His wife died in 1893.

At that time, Adventists were missionaries in the district. Cranston Allen and his wife became converts and were charter members of the First Advent Church. She was a very religious little person, Grandma. She died in 1893, but I do, now believe it or not, have a recollection of her. I was only three years old, but I can just remember her with her little kerchief. She was so little, and she was always reading the Bible. Now whether I remember that or not, definitely, or whether I had heard

my aunts tell about it so much—but I feel sure that I can almost see her in my mind's eye. I know I remember him. A horse kicked him in one eye and knocked his eye out, but he still read, and at the age of ninety-two he walked back and forth to Fallon.

At one time Cranston, his wife and sons, and Bill Harmon were notified there'd been Indian uprisings. They went to the hills and took refuge in a cave where they lived for ten days, but the uprising didn't occur. This is something that's come down through the years. There was no Indian outbreak.

Now the first Lem Allen we know of, Cranston's grandfather, was a cousin of Ethan Allen. Both fought in the revolution. In Allentown, Pennsylvania, there is an old brick house on the estate owned by the Allen family at the time of the revolution. There is a park in Allentown, Pennsylvania, that was an Allentown Park.

Hannah Cranston was one of the ancestors; she married Joseph Manchester. Now Hannah Cranston was the granddaughter of Samuel Cranston (1659-1727), who was elected governor of Rhode Island thirty times.

Sarah Williams Cranston was the daughter of Roger Williams of Rhode Island. Grandmother Samantha Allen was the sister of Cranston Allen. You see, the name came down into the family. Lemuel Allen drowned in the Hudson River in 1794. He was also a revolutionary soldier. They were some of those Green Mountain boys.

When Cranston Allen came to Nevada, Churchill County had just been organized a little while. It was organized in 1864. So it was named for Fort Churchill. One time someone asked Grandma Allen wasn't she afraid of the Indians. She said, "Not half as afraid of them as I was of the soldiers." She was probably there before Churchill, it would be. Elizabeth

Allen died in November 5, 1893, and he died in Fallon May 19, 1908. So that is the end of Cranston Allen.

It's Lem Allen now that we want to start on. He was the youngest one. He was born in 1839, on April 12th, in Harrison County, Ohio. And his parents moved to Iowa in Van Buren County the same fall when he was six months old. Now I don't know whether this is so important, but when he was born he only weighed four pounds. And when he was six months old weighed six pounds and then began to grow.

His education was obtained in the district schools of Iowa. Twenty-three years of his life was in Van Buren County, Iowa. In 1859, he was married to Sarah Ann Pugh, March 13th, and moved to Pike's Peak the third day of May the same year; he wrote,

Taking my wife with me. Got discouraged in that country and couldn't find work and turned our course south from St. Joseph, Missouri, went down the river to Kansas City, then south of Lukins County, Kansas. We broke prairie with our teams, and raised a small field of corn that summer. In September of the same year, I returned to Iowa, took sick the day I left Kansas, and was unable to do any kind of work until the spring of 1862. Then I concluded to change climates, and after my father returned from California on May the third, I was so enthused about California that we started out, my wife and I and her sister and brother-in-law to Comstock—the city of Virginia. He meant Virginia City. He did pretty good for an old man. I was four months and six days on the

road with an ox team. We finally got within fifteen miles of Virginia City, stopped and went to work mowing grass with the scythe.

What do you think of that? At two dollars a day. They mowed it on one side of the river and then had to wade across with their scythes and lunch buckets over their heads to cut it on the other side. That was really pioneering, wasn't it?

We worked eight days and then we had to wade the river to cut on the other side. The water came up to our necks. We had only worked two weeks when my brother-in-law, William Harmon, his wife and sister and my wife took down with typhoid fever. Harmon's sister only lived seven days. The rest pulled through and I was chief cook and bottle washer. I made the girl's coffin as good as I could. There were just four men neighbors who came to dig the grave and we buried her. In November my little boy, two years and eight months, took sick and died, too. The little place we went to work... And he had to bury him alone in the coffin and make the coffin and all. The little place we went to work and stayed there that winter in f was] a little shanty sixteen feet square. On the eighth day of March 1863, my wife took the smallpox, and on the tenth I took a bad stage. We both had a bad turn, but our time had not come. We moved to another place on the twelfth day of April. We did not have a thing we could call our own. My wife went barefoot for six weeks and an old Frenchman bought

her a calfskin pair of shoes. We had made the acquaintance of a young man that had been shot in Virginia City the August before. He was not able to do anything that winter, and was down on the river and knew the condition we were in financially, and he said to me, 'You go to Virginia City, Lem, and I will get you a security for a bill of goods.' I did, and came back to Dayton and started a little store for the summer. By the first of October, I had cleaned up \$1,100, which was my start in Nevada.

They were short on provisions and money when they reached Churchill County. They stopped at Fort Churchill where they heard the government was helping immigrants, and she sold some knives and forks and a quilt to make a dollar and a half.

In the immigrant days, a toll bridge was built across an arm of the Carson Sink at this point by Allen Redman. As Lem Allen was coming across this toll bridge they only had two dollars. They offered the two dollars to the tollman, and he said that he had to have two dollars-and-a-half, or he could swim. Grandpa Allen picked up his horse whip and started his horses and said, "Take the two dollars. If anybody's going to swim, you will."

My grandfather's reminiscences go on:

That was the first money which was my start in Nevada. In December of that year I went to Carson City and bought a load of lumber and provisions. With that we went down to the south side of the lake and got there the eighth day of July. We camped out while we built our house. My father was with us. We located 320

acres of land north of the lake. All we had was a squatter's right. In May 2, 1864, we had a little boy born to us who died in July, 1865. So he didn't live long, did he? In 1864, my mother, two brothers and two sisters crossed the plains and joined my father and me there. In 1867, I was elected Justice of Peace.

First it was Dayton in Churchill County, then Wild Cat Station, and then now down to 320 acres, called the St. Clair Ranch, which was the St. Clair Post Office for the route. When the Allen family moved to the ranch in the St. Clair district, they moved into an adobe house. Grandfather Allen brought cottonwoods from the river and planted them there on the ranch. Some of those trees were still alive, some of them are, down on the ranch. And he planted an orchard. He planted the first orchard in Churchill County. He raised a good orchard. He kept buying more land until he owned 2,500 acres. He sold dairy products to Wadsworth, which was the nearest railroad station. They had a big dairy and made butter and cheese, and sold it to Wadsworth and Virginia City. The market in that time was Virginia City. They drove herds of hogs to Virginia City. My Uncle Lem L. took some once—a hundred hogs up to Virginia City for the market.

I think it was a hundred dollars a ton, that they sold hay in Virginia City. That was the beginning of his success, then. They had the store and they had this big dairy.

Now they had Swiss people come—Tom Dolf was one of them—milkers. They had three or four milkers. The dairy used to have big shelves and milk pans on the shelves. They would skim the cream off from it. They didn't have any cream separators or anything. They



would make the cheese and butter, and sell it to Wadsworth and to Virginia City.

And then Lem began buying more land. At this time his brother Jake had married, and had bought the place where John Oats now lives. And his sister Mary had married Charlie Bailey and bought the place north of Oats's. It's the old Wingfield place now. His brother Joe went on to Sacramento and settled in Elk Grove, California. (They have an Allen Road there, too.) His sister Kate married Charles Bond, and they owned the Fallon ranch (where the Williams ranch is now.) They sold to Fallon. There's a long tale there.

Now there was half of the family. Now there was also my grandmother's sister Elizabeth, married to Ferguson on the Ferguson ranch. Ferguson was Grandma Allen's sister's husband. Will Harmon was married to Grandma Allen's other sister. She had two sisters here. I don't think she ever had any brothers here.

The Baileys and the Bonds became Advents, and the Harmons did, too, and Grandma Allen's sister, but the Lem Allens never did. The Fergusons and the Allens didn't join the Advent church. Grandma Allen had been a Methodist in her own home and she always stayed that, and was as religious and good as any of them.

I remember the Advents were very strong at that time. used to be just scared to death half the time when I was visiting my grandmother because these people would come and say, "The world is coming to an end." They would put on a certain day when the world was coming to an end. And I was at that impressionable age, believe me, I wanted to be good. I remember that, I can just see, on the porch in the old, old adobe ranch when I visited my grandmother. And these ministers, they'd come around, it seemed to me about

every year or so, and predict a certain day, hour, and everything, when the world was going to come to an end.

The Advent church was over here on a hill about, I would say it was almost centrally located in the county at that time. And, of course, they had quite a few jokes about the young men going to church, and saying how they misbehaved. It was a fine thing for the valley. Of course, the Cushmans and all their people were Advents too.

They had a strong following. In fact, 'most everybody in the valley were Advents but the Kents and the Kaisers and the Theelans and the Allens and the Fergusons, but a great many of the others were—the Cushmans, the Harmons and the Bonds. (Uncle Jake wasn't though, Jake Allen wasn't. He had no family. Just he and his wife lived alone there on the Oats ranch.)

Split in the family? That was when this money was stolen. In this store at the post office, Lem Allen also almost ran a bank. He had a big safe and kept people's money in it. These two men had come in from working, and they had this \$1,200 in gold, and wanted it left in Grandpa Allen's safe. So it was put in. I think it was there a day and a night; and the next day, when they came to collect it, it was gone. They accused this one man. They thought that he was the only one that had been working there and had access to the safe and the store. Of course, they might not have been too careful about putting it away, you know. Nobody had ever stolen anything before, and they weren't so particular. Anyhow, they thought he was the one who had taken it. And they had a vigilante committee; they were going to make him tell the truth, and were going to hang him almost. When the other half of the family came—oh, there was quite a bit of dissension between the two families.

In fact, after it was all over, I think the Bonds sold their ranch, and moved away.

But my grandfather had a detective come. He paid the money back to these men. He had the money and he had to—I suppose—borrow it, or mortgage something, or do something. Anyway, he felt they couldn't have forced him to pay it. There was no bank or bonds or anything of the kind. But he paid it back to them. And he had this detective (nobody knew about it), come and stay for a month or two on the place, and just find out what, to see what he could find out. They never found out who did it.

But they had so many different ideas about it. Now for instance there was a milker, a Swiss man who had worked here. He left the ranch, and he was killed in some kind of a wreck, and they found \$1,200 more than they paid him. So they thought he had taken it.

I can just see—now, for instance, we aren't so particular about it. But in those days, people just kind of trusted everybody. But Grandpa was out quite a bit of money trying to find out who did it, and all that sort of thing. But they almost had a hanging trying to get this young man.

So the Bonds left and went to Healdsburg, California, and there they raised their family. (I don't know just when that was.)

So that thing was left silent until 1908, or something of the kind, when Dick Bass was plowing up a piece of ground, and found some gold coins.

Lem Allen studied and wanted to be a lawyer. He wrote,

I was elected Justice of the Peace for that township, held that office four years and in 1873 was elected prosecuting attorney for Churchill County and served in different periods for twelve years.

I don't know what he means by that.

In 1874, I was elected to the Nevada Assembly, re-elected in '76. I saw service as a member of the assembly for twenty years, ten sessions, elected seven sessions in succession.

During that time I served as speaker of the Assembly. In 1902, I was elected lieutenant-governor, served four years....

Here's the story about Mrs. Lem Allen. This was a very fine piece written. "Hers was a true and noble life." We could quote that from here. [*Churchill County Eagle*, December 25, 1926.]: "Let us, if possible, gather up the elements of this noble life and weave with them a picture from the walls of memory." This fellow was really quite poetic, wasn't he?

The book of life was opened and a new name was written therein, by the hand of love. Her life was a rare jewel. Her spirit is gold we find in the fire ready for heaven. To her the struggle and burden-bearing of birth are ended. Her home instincts were strong here in the fevered world of disappointment. Her affection for friends and kindred was tender and binding. Mrs. Allen leaves many.... There are times when a writer may turn aside from the usual formalities and all....

And it goes on:

During the sickness they had a doctor come down from Gold Hill. He stayed seven days and charged them \$150. This is when they were up near

Fort Churchill. They had no money but gave him a note, and later on, Mr. Allen hauled hay to Gold Hill, sold it, and paid the doctor, who gave him a splendid banquet.

I suppose the doctor was probably quite thrilled, but that's the way he paid him.

Theirs was a hospitality center. Now, Lem Allen often was considered almost a doctor. He and Mrs. Harmon—that's Grandma Allen's sister—she was a nurse, a natural nurse (Mrs. Harmon). She and Grandpa Allen often went as doctor and nurse do. She was a midwife. And I remember once as a little girl when I was at Grandma Allen's (I couldn't have been more than ten or twelve), there was a young man that had been riding; his name was Earl Brannan. And they brought him in. He had been riding a calf, and his face was all torn, and Grandpa Allen sewed it up. And, my, there was a commotion up and down! I don't know whether the boy carried the scar, or not, forever.

And he (Lem Allen) was always pulling teeth. He was a dentist, doctor, and benefactor. He really was.

It was a hospitality center, there. I think that their long dining room table [that] they had in the dining room—it was a long room, about like this—and they had a dining room table that would seat twenty-four. And I never remember dinner at noon that the table wasn't full. But of course, they had help. Grandma and other people in the district had Chinese help. They always had a Chinaman to help during the summertime.

And there's another tale about Chinamen: At the Grimes ranch down in the eastern part of the valley, where they had a toll bridge, Grimes and Hill were running it. They had a Chinese cook and he fell in love in his own queer way with Mrs. Hill and tried to kill her. And I think he killed himself, but I wouldn't

be sure. Anyway, she lived, but it was such a shock to her that her husband had to take her to Germany to live where every time she saw a Chinese, why, she just almost had a nervous breakdown. And that, of course, remained in my mind. I was always deathly afraid of Chinamen.

We had an old Chinaman come to Grandma's by the name of Oh Sing, and he, of course, came so often in the summertime that he thought he was running things. The Chinamen did a remarkable lot of work—you know, putting out twenty big meals and all—but I never did think the Chinese were too clean about their work, but they were efficient. They would put out a lot of meals. And of course, at that time when Grandma Allen was having children and raising a family, not only her own family but her sons' families and like that, she had to have help. My mother had Chinese help, too, when I was in Hazen. That was the only help, I think, you could get in those days. Of course, you could get neighbors' daughters and the like, but they didn't go out—everybody was helping their own families.

The Indians would wash and iron, but never as household. In later years they did a little bit. Now they do. But I don't ever remember any Indians doing any cooking. They helped only with washing—washing and ironing. The Indians worked for the farmers and lived on a small piece of ground on each farm. The squaws did the washing in tubs and boiled the washing in huge tubs over an open fire. The men helped with the farm work.

After the homesteaders came into the district, then help was easier to get because so many of them needed help. All the homesteaders around Allen's place got help from him.

There was one woman, Katie Schallman, she and her husband homesteaded about

three miles west of the ranch and she was a marvelous cook and a wonderful worker. And, of course, many of those homesteaders got their—made their homes—got their start from working out. So she worked for my grandmother in the later years. They would come back and forth, and she and her husband would work. She not only worked for my grandmother at later years, but she worked for my aunt, Mrs. Lem L. Allen. She was a wonderful cook and a wonderful help to them.

There is a story told about my grandfather and a man—I won't say who (but he was a homesteader within three or four miles of the Allen ranch.) One night the boys found him stealing wheat out of the big red barn there. And so—they thought they had done something wonderful and brought him to grandfather, to Lem Allen, and he said, "Well, I shouldn't wonder, maybe he needed it more than I did." And let it go. Let him have it. From then on, that farmer was one of the best friends and allies that Lem Allen ever had. Often it's that way. It's better to show the quality of mercy than to prosecute, isn't it?

Lem Allen built the first irrigation dam on the Carson River just above the Theelen ranch, that's west of here, and irrigated his land of twenty-five acres. He started the first orchard and was interested in bettering everything. They lived in an adobe two-story house with wooden frame kitchen and porch (across from the present Raymond Bass place.) It was burned down in October, 1934, when the Bases were living on the ranch.

Mary Allen, Lem Allen's sister, was married at St. Clair to Charles Bailey. They went to California to live for a while, but came back in 1879 and homesteaded the place where the George Wingfield ranch is now, right next to the Oats place, to Jake Allen her

brother. I think it must be a homestead of about 320 acres.

Charles Bond and Kate, Lem's sister, homesteaded the ranch almost adjoining that to the east, which was the old Fallon place and which was later sold to Warren Williams.

Jake Allen, the one who owned the Oats ranch where Johnny Oats lives now, he had homesteaded there, sold out his 320 acres. He had been quite a man to have special bulls and good stock, and sold lock, stock, and barrel to John Oats for \$7,500—I suppose he thought he was getting a pretty good price then. But Oats went on, and see what they have, a very fine place there. They've given land to Fallon. A good deal of the town of Fallon is on it.

Bill Bailey, which was Charles Bailey's brother, owned all the land down in the Carson Valley (in the valley of the Carson River), south of the Lem Allen ranch. (It was his brother that married Grandpa's sister, Mary.) He was interested in the Swallow house in Reno and Virginia City, and the hard times came, he borrowed money from Joe Douglas, and harder times came, and Joe Douglas foreclosed. So it was all the Douglas' property; there were thousands of acres, I guess. When I was talking to Joe, his wife spoke up and said, "Well, how did he [Bill Bailey] happen to have so much land when everybody else could only take up three hundred and twenty acres?" Joe certainly doesn't know how he got it, but he must have been a very aggressive man; he must have made money going to...he had cattle down on...it was grazing land. And to have had a slaughter house in Virginia City and then in Reno. But you see, he was one of those that got overloaded, evidently.

One time, while living on the ranch, Sarah Allen (Lem's wife) was taken very ill. She was able to get up and around, but she just was getting thinner all the time and seemed to

be hungry all the time. Meals never satisfied her. And she didn't gain either; she just wasn't feeling well. Grandpa got doctors and did everything he knew about himself. Of course, their main doctoring in those days, they had a certain pill—Judson Pills—they were little white pills. Oh, I remember we used to have to take them; that was the cureall for everything. If you got a cold, you took a physic, those Judson Pills, and of course, it didn't do her any good. So they got a doctor from Reno. Nobody seemed to find out anything until this Dr. Orion L. Bemis came and said that he could feel that there was something alive in her. That would scare you, wouldn't it? But he doctored her; he did everything he knew what to do, but it still kept on, the same thing that was eating all of her food and giving her no good at all.

So they knew she couldn't go on and live, and he put it up to the family that the only thing he knew could be to give her strychnine, and of course, it was a chance it might kill her. Strychnine, mind you! So he fasted her for about twenty-four hours and gave her a dose of strychnine, how much, I don't know. It was strychnine, anyway. And within a few hours, I guess, with the course of maybe ten or twelve hours, three six- or seven-inch water snakes were passed from her. Now it must have been passed from her bowels; they didn't come up, I'm sure. That would have to be, it was in her stomach. And that was the end of that.

That was just a peculiar phenomenon at that time, and it still is now. To think that that could happen! The only reason that they could figure was that they were drinking water from the lake, and that she might have swallowed a little...you know, those little water snakes are almost like a hair, some of them.

He (Lem Allen) was the first school teacher in the big adobe school for three years. Then it was made into a boarding school,

and the different boys and girls came from neighborhoods. W. H. A. Pike, Judge Pike, was one of the teachers, and a man by the name of Will Smith taught.

I think from what I can remember, they had quite a time with those boys. You know, they were kind of big and husky, all working on farms and living healthy lives, and eating healthy meals. I have heard them tell about some of the scrapes they did.

Joe Bailey was telling me that the first Advent school was in a kind of a makeshift place, and there was a school connected with that after the boarding house school, but I can't authenticate that.... And later the Advents built a new church down south of town and that was one of their big centers, too, of entertainment.

The Advent church was very instrumental in all the social activities at that time. They improved the school, from a ramshackle old place to a very good building. It was down just south of Fallon, south of the old cemetery a little bit. And, it was really quite a civic center and social center. They had spelling bees. And at Vaughn store, Vaughn and Stratton owned the store that was south, well just about three or four miles from the Advent church. Of course, the Advents didn't dance in the church, so Stratton and Vaughn built a dance hall at Vaughn's and they used to dance there. But folks used to go down to Stillwater, too, and dance.

How did Adventists carry on religious activities? Well, they tried to convert everybody and they did convert half of the Allen family. Lem Allen's two sisters were strong Advents. Lem Allen's father and mother were charter members of the Adventist church. And Sarah Allen's sister, Lida Harmon was an Advent.

The first Advent church built in Churchill County was built in 1879, located in the St. Clair district. The people from the



surrounding country went to church early and took a picnic lunch and made an all-day event of it.

The Advents were missionaries and never gave up trying to bring others into their fold. They were the most persistent people. They often predicted the world was coming to an end.

My grandmother, Sarah Allen, had joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and she was never converted. I think it was because she was always busy. She didn't have time. But her one sister Lida Harmon was an Advent.

I remember Mr. Will Harmon, he was quite sanctimonious— that's the old man, the old Harmon. He was always shocked at Lem Allen for raising horses. Lem was kind of out of the Advent circle, anyway. And it was always the desire and work of William Harmon, Allen's brother-in-law, who came out with him at first, to convert him. Uncle Will Harmon, to the very last, tried to convert Grandpa Allen. He was shocked at Lem being interested in horseracing and never stopped trying to convert him.

Lem Allen believed in retribution, or the policy of "give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you." He was honest, upright, and merciful, doing good wherever he could.

Even though they didn't belong to the church, they had the social activities in the church just the same. The Allens and the Fergusons and all of them would go to the evenings after evenings of entertainment. Spelling bees were quite an entertaining thing at that time. I remember them telling about that, about the spelling bees. Then of course, refreshments; they always had refreshments—they had oyster stew, I always remember that. Now, that was quite a job to make oyster stew for twenty people or so, wasn't it? And nice and hot on a cold evening! I've always liked oyster stew from that.

Now, back to the story of Lem Allen, this is taken from a history edited by James G. Scrugham. It states:

It had been a boyhood ambition of Lem Allen to study law. There was little opportunity to do so, but he did the required reading in the intervals of his heavy work as merchant and rancher and doctor and benefactor to this community... He really was a benefactor to those homesteaders—he was admitted to the bar and thus there was open for him an almost continuous career in public service. In 1871, he was elected district attorney of Churchill County and was several times re-elected. For nine terms he was a member of the state assembly and also served in the senate. He was, for several terms, speaker of the House and then, in 1902, was chosen lieutenant-governor of the state. Lem Allen was a Democrat, a foregoing silverman.

He had many of the characteristics of the Western pioneer. He was genial, hospitable, kindly, and a sympathetic, outspoken man, and could get forth his opinions and convictions on public matters with the logic and clarity beyond the gift of many men educated.

He had friends all over the state, but the first place in his affections was always occupied by his pioneer wife, who for over half a century shared with him in the sorrows and the joys of a mutual partnership.

In 1909, Lem Allen and Wallace Ferguson headed the roll call to pass the anti-gambling bill. It became effective October 1, 1910. They

pushed through the legislation in 1909<sup>1910</sup>, outlawing all gambling. In 1912, the act became effective prohibiting all gambling. The gambling and all was thrown out of Nevada. (It was re-legalized in 1931.)

He felt as though he wanted it thrown out because of a gambling problem in his family, I think I'll say it that way, among his sons, you know, his older son. Of course, Uncle tern raced horses, but...I don't know what kind of gambling. I'd like to really look into that. What kind of gambling did they have before 1910, I wonder? I think it was roulette; I'm sure that that was one of the things.

A group of men, leading men of the county, talked and planned the possibilities of a dam and systematic irrigation. Charles Kaiser, J. N. Sanford, D. M. Wightman, Joe J. Cushman, W. C. Grimes, I. H. Kent, Jim Richards, formed a group and elected Lem Allen to contact Senator Newlands who had been instrumental in passing the irrigation desert act in 1902. Lem Allen, who was lieutenant-governor at the time, worked with Senator Newlands to sponsor the construction of the Truckee-Carson project in Churchill County.

Governor Vail Pittman recalled—in some paper, I don't know where it is now—that Lem Allen, who went to Carson as Churchill County's representative, fought for the project and he called Lahontan Dam “Lem Allen's brainchild.”

Well, I said he helped start the project. The Lahontan project was started in 1903, was passed by the governor when Lem Allen was lieutenant-governor. The Project was renamed in 1919 for Senator Newlands, but is now the Truckee-Carson Irrigation District.

Construction of the Lahontan Dam prospered the community, new places of business prospered, appeared, and a new schoolhouse was built on the corner of Center

and Maine, where Dan Evans' service station now stands. W. W. Williams had a store in the stone building he had constructed on the corner of Maine Street and Williams Avenue. The Kent family moved up from Stillwater and started the I. H. Kent Company store.

The mining towns of Fairview, Wonder, and Rawhide boomed. Supplies were freighted by sixteen horse and mule teams. In 1906, the railroad was built, replacing the stage, which had been driven from Wadsworth to Stillwater on the old Overland Trail. A flood in March, 1906, washed out a section of the new railroad, and also the northern end of town. A fire in May, 1910, burned down every business along the street.

Lem Allen “carried the vote back to Washington D. C. in 1912, or '13 for Woodrow Wilson.” There were some funny things said about him then. He was quite a character. He had a big beaver hat, and I guess they thought he was just a hick, but they said that before he left there, why, he was recognized as not a hick, but a personality. He was a little bit more...well, just *individual*, you'd say. He had his own idea about things, with his whiskers and all.

Lem Allen's home was a hospitality center. He would say to his guests invited to eat, “Help yourselves to everything, but take it easy on the salt, pepper, and sugar. We raise everything else that we eat.” He had big gardens, a couple of acres of watermelon, I remember, north of the corrals, and planted sugar cane one year in one of the prize lots of land across from the schoolhouse, made sorghum and sold it, the only one in the county. And the only one that ever did try it, I guess, in the whole county. It became quite an item, a grocery item, because many people in the valley bought sorghum and liked it.

Sarah Allen set a bountiful table, often had mush, boiled potatoes, steak, and gravy, and hot biscuits for breakfast. I remember that.

One man who worked on the ranch was such a hog—she had to put up with all kinds of people—that it was hard to satisfy his hunger. Frank Cheapie, a character, would take the bowl of mush that was set on the table for the men to help themselves with, you know. He would take the big bowl. After he had worked for a while, Sarah told tern he'd have to fire him as she just wasn't going to cook for him any more. I remember this. "Either he-ins go or I go." And Lem said quietly, "Well, I can't get along without you, Sade, so I guess I'll have to fire Cheapie."

This is from the *Nevada State Journal*, March 18, 1909,\* "A Golden Wedding," it's on page 2, eulogy.

Whereas, on the thirteenth day of March, in the year of our Lord, 1859, in the township of Chequest in Van Buren County, Iowa, a young man and woman joined their lives and fortunes in the holy bonds of matrimony, and there, each to the other, pledged to love, honor, and cherish. And whereas, through all the years that passed, through all the trials and tribulations, the smiles and tears, the hopes and fears, the joys and pain of fifty years, these two have shared together the bitter and sweet, and today in...and yellow leaf, are walking, hand in hand, down the pathway of life. And whereas, the words the minister spoke that day fifty years ago united the hearts and hands of our esteemed fellow member, Lem Allen, and his respected wife, Sarah Ann Pugh, and, whereas, the said Lem Allen had always been one of the foremost citizens of the state. Fourteen constant years he had filled an honorable seat in the

legislative halls of the state and is at present filling his tenth session as an honored assemblyman. And, whereas, Lem Allen has by his honesty, ability, integrity, fairness, and true principles of friendship and give himself to all. And, whereas, Lem Allen will depart for his home in Churchill County to be present on the thirteenth day of March to join with his helpmate in the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. Therefore, be it resolved that we, the members of the Twenty-fourth legislature of the state of Nevada, together with the members of the press, and to the friends and admirers of the honorable Lem Allen, do extend our congratulations unto him and his respected wife, assuring them of our esteem and, furthermore, extend to them the thanks of the state of Nevada for the acts and the works that he and she, his helpmate, for the welfare of the state.

And, furthermore, be it resolved that the names of the Senate and the Assembly be inscribed here unto, on the Great Seal of the state of Nevada, and the Great Seal of the state of Nevada be here into attached, and be it resolved further that the press of this state who are in daily attendance be allowed to inscribe their names on the roster. Immediately after the presentation, chief clerk Coogan read a resolution by the attaches and on their behalf presented a gold handled parasol. For the first time during this session, the honorable

---

\*The date of publication as given by Mrs. Johnson is incorrect.



Lem Allen was scarcely able to express himself. However, he managed to thank the members and attaches and gave a short history of the trials and inconveniences that beset himself and his wife when they drove across the plains and located on the Carson River. He ended by saying he had lived with his wife fifty years and would be only too glad to live with her fifty years longer. Mr. and Mrs. Lem Allen had nine children born to them, three who died in infancy. Hugh Judson, who moved from farm to Wads worth in 1897, where he ran the livery stable, blacksmith shop, and stage route. Eva May, married E. H. Proctor and moved to Wadsworth. Charles Loren married Sadie Likes and lived on a ranch near his father's, but later moved to Medford, Oregon. Daisy Allen stayed on the ranch sometime helping her father, but later married....

That was quite an eulogy, wasn't it?

His brother and sister-in-law settled in the surrounding districts of the St. Clair ranch. His brother Jake settled in the northeast in the now Oats ranch, and sister Mary Bailey and husband on the adjoining ranches, northeast of the Oats ranch. Sister Kate Bond and husband settled on 500 acres north of St. Clair on a ranch which Fallon purchased from him, and later Warren Williams purchased, now the site of Fallon, Nevada. Sister-in-law Lida Harmon and husband William settled adjoining the... ranch. And sister-in-law Elizabeth Ferguson and husband John settled to the south. It was jokingly said that at one time,

one didn't dare criticize anyone for fear of stepping on Lem Allen's toes. St. Clair station and post office and ranch were considered a hospitality center. Here everyone was welcome to the kind help and hospitality of Lem Allen and family.

How did Lem go about getting elected? As I just said, he had so many relations from the different districts! Of course, they weren't all Democrats either. I'm pretty sure that the Bonds and Baileys were Republicans—I think, but I'm not sure. But then he always had quite a following.

I know one of the funny things—one time Charlie Allen ran for something and this fellow by the name of Brown, who didn't have much of a following at all, went around saying to the different people as he campaigned, "Well, I know I'm not going to be able to beat Allen, but I'd sure like to get some kind of a vote anyway, and I like to have you just write, I don't want to be swamped," and he beat him. So it was a good idea.

I think that he (Lem) politicked all the time. He was always genial to everybody, and I think that a good many times when he was elected he didn't go out for it at all. He was urged by the people to do it. They thought that he was representative of the district. [Reading] "He was a charter member of the Masonic Lodge No. 26 F and AM, Fallon, and Sarah was a charter member of the Eastern Star Lodge."

And it was the one thing that she enjoyed in social life more than anything else. She used to drive back and forth to the lodge and she enjoyed it. Of course, there were just a few members in the beginning. I joined when I was living with her, when I was teaching school in Fallon. And I used to drive back and forth from the ranch, two miles and a

half just to take her, 'cause she enjoyed it so. And I would be the organist, the secretary, and the conductress. But she worked up until she got to be Associate Worthy Matron and she enjoyed it so much. It was one of the highlights of her life as she grew in her aging years. Otherwise she had never done much in the way of a social life. It was her family who was always doing things. She was always doing *for* them.

They sold the ranch in 1911 or '12 to Mrs. G. H. Thoma of Reno and went to Reno to live.

---

## LEM ALLEN'S DESCENDANTS

Lem Allen had six children born to him. The oldest, Jud Allen, was born at Wildcat Station, and the other five were born there on the ranch, at the St. Clair ranch. They were Charles, and Eva, and Daisy, and Lizzie (who later became Bess), and Lem L. was the one who carried out Lem Allen's ambition of raising thoroughbred horses. It became a big project in his life later.

The oldest son, Hugh Judson Allen, was born June 3, 1866. Married to Matilda Dillard, who was born April 1, 1867. That makes her one year younger. They were married December 30, 1885. The following children were born to them: Cranston Elbert Allen, born April 29, 1887. He was married to Lavina Miller in September 12, 1912, no children. He died July 24, 1950, in Fallon, Nevada. There's not much to say about him.

The second son of Hugh Judson, Sidney Earl Allen, born January 7, 1889. Married to Erma Cushman, who was born February 24, 1892, on September 13, 1919. Two children born to them were Sidney Earl Allen, Jr., born August 17, 1929, married to Donna Lee, June

25, 1949-1950? (Five children born to them, four boys and one girl.)

Earl's second child was a daughter, Dolores. She was married September, 1952 to Jim Harris. They have four children. Jimmy, born November 29, 1955; Nancy, November 12, 1956; Dean, January 11, 1962; and Susan Elaine, May 15, 1965.

Jim Harris is a doctor and he has a residency in the White Memorial Hospital in Los Angeles for three years. He is going to take obstetrics.

Hugh Judson's daughter, Cecyl Elizabeth, was born February 22, 1890, and married to James W. Johnson, born July 11, 1885. Three children born to them, Roderick Allen Johnson June 28, 1914, died August 30, 1917; James W. Johnson, Jr., born March 14, 1919, (married in Washington D. C. June 18, 1941), to Mildred Brendel, of Berkeley (remarried to Jayne Moore in 1957). Four children born to James W. Johnson, Jr.—Roderick David Johnson, September 23, 1945, born in Washington D. C.; Lizanne Sally Johnson, born May 3, 1948, in Reno, Nevada; Cecyl

Allen Johnson, born October 28, 1950, in Fallon, Nevada, and Heather Jayne Johnson, born February 17, 1959.

Third child born to Cecyl E. Johnson was Isabel Elizabeth Johnson, born May 1, 1923, married to Howard L. Winder, born March 4, 1921, married July 17, 1942. They have two adopted children, Patty Lee Winder, born March 6, 1953 and James Walter Winder, born March 16, 1956.

The fourth child of Hugh Judson Allen was my sister Alma. She was born in Fallon May 8, 1892. She attended Rowland College, an Episcopal school for girls, in 1909 in Salt Lake City, attended business college in Oakland, California in 1910, was an attache at the legislature in 1910 and 1909, and was married at that time to H. J. Kinkead, in June 1910. She was divorced from him in 1914, married Jim Burk, June 1920, and one son, Robert Lee, was born March 1, 1921. A baby girl born in 1923 passed away after six months of illness. Burk passed away in the late months of 1924. She married J. W. Madison in 1926 who adopted her son Robert. Madison was an invalid for twenty years before his death October 11, 1963. Now she's a widow living in Reno.

Robert Madison, her only son, married Jerie L. Hursh in 1946 upon his return from the second World War and a daughter Vicki was born February 2, 1949. They were divorced. (Date unknown.) Robert Madison was married to Evelyn Pearson in 1961, and a son, Robert Eric, was born to them July 28, 1963 in Reno. Madison and his wife and child are now living in Anaheim, California.

The second child of Lem Allen was Eva May, born December 27, 1867 and died October 9, 1947, married to Donald "Doll" Proctor in 1887. Three children were born to them: Jennie Sherwood, Waldo Proctor, and Harold Proctor. There was ten years difference in their ages between the girls and

the two boys. The two Proctor boys have just passed away within five weeks of each other, and we were there together at the funeral about April 2, 3.

Speaking of Aunt Eva, I didn't mention the dates of her children, so here they are: Jennie was born March 21, 1893, she married Owen Sherwood March 3, 1920. She had one son, Donald, born October 6, 1921 who passed away on October 4, 1926, and a daughter, Constance, born January 23, 1923. Donald died in a terrible tragedy. They were out on a picnic and the little boy fell over a cliff. Constance married a Mr. Hoyt.

Waldo Allen Proctor, this was the son that just passed away, was born in Wadsworth July 21, 1902, and was married to Dorothy Ford of Chicago, Illinois. They had one daughter, Faye. Waldo Proctor was a natural artist and finally attended Chicago School of Fine Arts and taught there; became a commercial artist, worked for Montgomery Ward in putting out their yearly catalogue. He passed away March 29, 1966.

His grandchildren are Patty Downing, born April 6, 1956; William Allen Downing, December 12, 1953; Dorothy Jane Downing, July 27, 1950; and Robert Charles Downing, July 7, 1960.

Harold Wesley Proctor was the youngest child of Eva. He was born October 26, 1904 and died February 20, 1966. He married September 7, 1927, and they have two children, Harold, Jr. was adopted. Harold, Jr. was born February 17, 1929, and Margot was born August 27, 1943, married March 4, 1966 to Keith Oberg. I guess Harold, Jr. is the one that works at the telephone office.

The third child of Lem Allen, Charles L. Allen was born May 3, 1871, died March 13, 1933. Married Sadie Likes, no children. Lived on the upper ranch for several years. He and wife built a rooming house called the Allen

Hotel, west of the present court house, now the city fire house and telephone company, sold the property, and in about 1914 moved to Medford, Oregon. Returned later and died in Fallon, Nevada.

The fourth was Daisy; she was born in 1873 and passed away in 1958. She lived on the home ranch. She was one of the ones I liked. She helped her mother and father with the running of the ranch, being bookkeeper and general boss as her father used to call her. She was an expert horsewoman and she helped her younger brother, Lem, train the race horses in the early days. Used to ride in the races at the fairs in Carson City and Reno. She and Neva Winters of Reno competed against each other on their fathers' race horses and they rode sidesaddle. I would have loved to have seen that. Oh my, they could ride.

She had a remarkable experience in the early 1890's in taking the census. Driving a team of horses in a buckboard, she was caught in a hailstorm, which pelted hail as large as eggs and started the horses running. She held onto the horses until they ran down and brought them in safely.

When Fairview was discovered, Daisy and her sister, Bess (Mrs. Ralph Fortune), started a restaurant in a tent. They made biscuits and served any number of people from a small tin wood stove, put up lunches for the miners. They made cake batter in a wash tub, and had a reputation for good [food] being served, built a modern hotel and carried on a good business for several years. When the strike in Wonder in 1906 came, Daisy stayed and ran the Fairview business, and the Fortunes, Bess and Ralph, and Mrs. May, C. K. Jarvis' sister, moved to Wonder. C. K. Jarvis was a prominent mining man at the time.

Daisy had no children. Daisy married a man by the name of Williams, and later a man by the name of White, but had no children.

Ed Williams, Daisy Allen's husband, ran a Thomas Flyer stage, carrying minerals from Fairview to Goldfield mills and took passengers to and from Fallon to Fairview and Wonder. Later lived in Reno awhile, and then she divorced him, Williams, and later married White, a mining engineer.

Daisy Allen White was elected to the legislature in 1924. Mr. White died, and then she ran an apartment house in Reno on Gordon Avenue, sold it, and came to Fallon, where she passed away.

Lem L. Allen, Lem's fifth child was born July 7, 1875. More about him later.

Bess was the baby of the family. She married Ralph Fortune, who ran the Soda Lake plant and lived there until going to Fairview. Her daughter Clarita was born there. Bess was a marvelous cook and restaurant keeper. After leaving Fairview, she divorced Ralph Fortune in 1907, I think, and married Jack Coniff, who was sheriff of Churchill County, on November 25, 1912. They lived in Fallon. After Coniff died, she and her sister Daisy lived together until Daisy passed away. Then Bess moved to California with her daughter, Clarita, for a couple of years, and came back to die here in Fallon.

Lem L. Allen, the youngest son, was the one son who stayed on the ranch with his father and followed in his footsteps. Lem L. Allen was born July 7, 1875 on the ranch in St. Clair district owned by his parents, Lemuel and Sarah Allen. He was the oldest native of Churchill County when he died. His life was long, happy, and prosperous, and he saw this community grow from a pioneer settlement to its present day.

In 1880, when Lem L. was just five years old, his father purchased his first thoroughbred horse, Idle A, from John Winters in Reno. His interest and enthusiasm for raising thoroughbreds grew throughout

his lifetime. When he was seventeen years old he trained Charger, took him to the races at Nevada State Fair, where he won five races. Charger was an Idle A colt.

Later Joe Hooker, out of Maggie S and Idle A, was purchased. She had a colt, Kit Carson. Many famous race horses and jumpers were developed on the Allen ranch by Lemuel L. Allen who was an expert on the thoroughbred and knew the blood lines back to the first great thoroughbred which was brought to America.

In 1906, Irish Exile was purchased at the Caesar Young sale. The colt was then a weanling. Irish Exile was by Connard out of Dame Margarita by El Rio Rey, brother of Emperor of Norfolk. He bought Semprolus, by Imported Sempronius out of Betula. She was by Rey del Sire out of Sain Peris by Sain Simon—famous names in every breeder's book.

The mares of the Allen farm may be as important a part of their ancestry as the stallions. There was Hoda, out of Balleese by Rey del Sierra. Joe Hooker out of Marion. Hoda was the mother of Miss Leap Year, the mother of King Vulture by Semprolus. Hoda's sire a Rovelesione by Flambone out of Wildlife, imported from Australia.

Horsemen everywhere will recall the wonderful record of King Vulture. He was champion jumper for years in New York, was purchased by a member of the Du Pont family in Delaware. A full sister to King Vulture was Del Zura, a brook mare on the Allen ranch.

Race-goers will recall the records of Dick Turpin, Miss Lester, Lahontan Silver State, and Proctor Hug, the fast and sturdy son of Semprolus and Betula by Rey del Sierra. The results after fifty-six years experimenting and breeding thoroughbreds on the Allen farm fully justified the Allen faith in the thoroughbred horse racers and jumpers.

When Lem was about fifteen years old, he and Clint Adams drove a herd of a hundred hogs to Virginia City. They carried wagonloads of water and feed, drove them at night, during the cool of the night, and rested during the heat of the day. It took five days. That was quite a feat in those days, taking hogs. It was marvelous in those days, the way they had to take things to Virginia City.

On October 28, 1903, Lem L. Allen and Miss Jessie E. Brown of Virginia City were married. They leased the home ranch from his father, who had been elected lieutenant-governor in 1902, and lived there with them. They operated the St. Clair stage-station and post office also. They lived there with Lem Allen and Sarah Allen. Lem and Jessie later purchased their own ranch in 1905, the upper ranch, in front of the north sections of the home ranch. They built their house where the Dick Bass family now lives. They sold this house and forty acres to Earl Allen in 1915 and moved into the new home which they built in the east side of the ranch, which was their home when he passed away.

Community betterment and civic affairs were always of interest to Lem L. Allen. He was a charter member of the Churchill County Farm Bureau. For more than ten years he was president of the St. Clair school trustees of the St. Clair district. He served as county trustee of the St. Clair district. He served as county commissioner and Federal Land Bank appraiser for many years.

Lem L. was also interested in mining in the district, I don't know *what* district it was, but he employed old Jim Barron. Jim Barron was interested in mining, and Lem L. used to grubstake Jim for years to go out to this, I'll have to find out what *mine* that is... And he would go there and stay and do a little prospecting. I think he just lived off of him.



And then there was the salt wells that Charlie Kinney used to come and get a yearly handout [for]. The Allens helped to support him for years just on being that interested in the salt wells. He never did develop it later. I can write more about the salt wells later. But when it [Salt Wells] was going, it was quite a going concern; then it died down, and Charlie Kinney always was "going to renovate it." These prospectors got a lot of money out of all the Allens, Lem Allen and all of his sons, because they all had hoped of developing the salt wells again. It didn't develop until later.

When did they celebrate their wedding (fiftieth) anniversary? October 28, 1953. This is from the Fallon paper, *The Fallon Eagle*, September 5, 1953:

Mr. and Mrs. L. Allen, prominent residents of the St. Clair district, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary with a reception at their home Sunday, with family members and scores of friends joining them for the important occasion. They celebrated their golden wedding early on account of daughter Eunice teaching and the other children being in school. Several affairs planned for the well-known couple included a barbeque dinner Saturday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Winder, a family breakfast Sunday morning at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Johnson, Sr., and a dinner party at the Guild Hall Sunday evening with their three children, Mrs. Frank Alviso, Mrs. Alec Lohse, Lem S. Allen and their families as hosts.

The Allen home where Mr. and Mrs. Allen have lived all but a few years of their married life was filled

with flowers and the many beautiful gifts sent them were on display. Large baskets of gladiolus, roses, chrysanthemums, and carnations, as well as many beautiful bouquets of garden flowers, decorated the spacious living room and the wide porches where groups gathered to chat with the honored guests.

The lace-covered refreshment table was centered with a large, decorated, three-tiered wedding cake topped with a bride and groom, and a decorative arrangement of golden leaves. Tiny sandwiches, gold cake, and punch were served throughout the afternoon by Mrs. Alviso, Mrs. Lohse and daughter, Miss Barbara, and Mrs. Lem S. Allen and daughter, Miss Bonnie. Frank Alviso was in charge of the guest book at the reception and later at the dinner.

Participating in the barbeque Saturday night at the Winder home were Mr. and Mrs. Lem L. Allen, Mrs. Bess Coniff, Mrs. Daisy White, Mrs. Clarita Davis, Stephen Davis, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Johnson, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Lem S. Allen, Bonnie and Buzzy Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Alviso and son Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Alec Lohse, Allen and Barbara Lohse, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Johnson, Jr., and children Roderick, Lizann, and Winkie, and the Winders.

The same group joined the J. W. Johnson, Sr.'s Sunday for breakfast at their home... Nearly a hundred relatives and friends called at the Allen home during the afternoon to pay their respects, and those invited to the dinner that evening were

Messrs. and Mesdames L. L. Allen,  
Frank Alviso and son, Alec Lohse  
and family,

The same group I guess it was—

and Gregory Brown, Homer Bowers, Otto Harmon, J. W. Johnson, Howard Winder, J. W. Johnson, Jr. and children. Daisy White, Bess Coniff, Alma Madison, Maude Eason, Erma Allen, Margaret Kent, Lillian Pinger, Miss Elizabeth Kinney and George Kinney, Harold Harmon, Stephen Davis, H. W. Proctor, Roderick, Lizann, and Winkie Johnson.

A clever and interesting program around the happy recollections of the years of the Allen family had been planned by Mrs. Alviso, their eldest daughter. Mrs. Alviso then read the chronicle of the fifty years or more which began with their days of courting at Virginia City and continuing to the present time. The playlet depicted the life of the Allens reaching the celebrations of the wedding anniversaries to the golden wedding. For each occasion Bonnie Allen played appropriate music and her brother Buzzy sang the selections.

It was charming. It was one of the nicest golden weddings I ever went to.

Barbara Lohse dressed in an ivory satin wedding gown of an early period, took the part of her grandmother, and her cousin, Frank Alviso, played the part of Mr. Allen. The story of the Allens, so cleverly brought out by the young actors, showed their grandfather, who, next

to his wife and family, dearly loved his horses. Fancy saddles, blankets, and spurs many times appeared to come first, and during the years, with his faithful wife staying on the ranch...

And so on...

Mrs. Lem Allen was a beautiful woman and a devoted wife and mother. She upheld and carried on the Allen traditions more than any of the family. She was Jessie Brown of Virginia City and they were married October 28, 1903. She kept the news items and all the horses' activities of the L. L. Allen string. Eunice Allen, their daughter, arranged the clippings in a chronological order and made a Christmas present to her father.

Mrs. Lem L. Allen was on the Honorary Board of Visitors at the University May 6, 1932. She was elected secretary. Each member of the board had either a son, or daughter, or both, and so all were interested deeply. One suggestion by this board was that the graduates of the University should have the first chance for employment as teachers over the state. They suggested the legislature should pass a law enforcing the preference. I don't know whether they ever did it or not, but this was what the board did. Some method, they advised, should be devised for additional income without cutting salaries in favor of increased registration fees only as the last resort, and particularly in respect to Nevada residents. The board members at that time were J. M. Leonard, Mrs. J. H. Myles, and Mrs. L. L. Allen.

As I said before, Mrs. Allen always upheld the traditions of the Allens. As years passed and the Allens left, they weren't so influential. The Farm Bureau, some ten or twelve years ago, changed the highways, and in front of the Lem Allen place they named the road the



Cattle Road. Well, it seems that Mrs. Allen remembered that Lem L. Allen, her husband, had given the land for that road, so she did everything to see that the Cattle Road was changed to the Allen Road. She even went to the commissioners, and they changed it. So, now, it really is Allen Road instead of the Cattle Road. And that is due, definitely, to Mrs. Lem L. Allen, the in-law, not the real family.

Mrs. Lem L. Allen was honored as being the Democrat with the longest continuous registration as a voter in Churchill County, July 30, 1966, when the Democrats gave their "shindig" at Oats Park. Over two thousand people gathered at the park for the day's activities. Mrs. Allen was crowned by Governor Grant Sawyer on behalf of the local Democrats, also given a bouquet of red roses. She had been an ardent Democrat for over sixty-two years. There were times through the years that though I considered her my very best friend, I didn't discuss politics with her since my husband was a strong Republican. That is the truth. Our friendship was strong, but we gave in to each other's opinions and didn't discuss it because I'm telling you, when you begin discussing it, why, with an ardent Republican against an ardent Democrat, why, they just can't see each other's ways at all:

I want to tell about the time, about 1916, that Lem L. Allen shipped twelve of his race horses to Mexico for the winter race by express in a palace horse car, which was quite an innovation at the time. He had six men which included Mr. Allen, Leland Lake, Lawrence Orilla, and the jockeys. The horses were loaded in Fallon, and Hans Lammel of the Express Office accompanied the car as far as Reno, then ordered to turn it over to a passenger train to be carried on to its destination along with regular passenger trains. These palace cars were shipping fine

horses, and were lighted by electricity and provided with all modern conveniences so that the horses rode very comfortably on their various journeys. I suppose they do that right now. I imagine that they have to bring the horses out from New York to California races.

Three children were born to Lem L. and Jessie Allen: Eunice, Lem S., and Elizabeth. Eunice Isabel was born September 6, 1904. She graduated from Fallon High School, attended Notre Dame College, San Jose, for two years, then graduated from the University of Nevada in 1924. She came immediately to teach in the Fallon schools. She taught Spanish—she taught languages and specialized in Spanish—spent one summer in Mexico City taking a course in languages. She taught in Coalinga, an extension from Fresno State College, where she married Frank Alviso, a prominent cattle rancher. One son, Frank R. Alviso, Jr., was born January 13, 1937 and was married to Theresa Garber March 21, 1960 and they have no children.

After she was married a few years, she continued her teaching. Moved from Coalinga, where they sold their ranch, to Turlock, where her husband continued his cattle interest. He was in business with the Morseheads, they are very wealthy people in California.

Eunice taught part-time in the Spanish department in the Turlock schools, and helped develop a new process for language teaching.

Eunice Allen was the oldest daughter of Lem L. Allen, and she is really quite one of the famous ones in our family.

This is from the clipping in the paper:

Eunice Alviso resigned her teaching post as head of the foreign language department of Turlock

High School, Turlock, California May 11, 1963. The superintendent, John Pittman, obviously unhappy over the loss, had a great deal of praise for Mrs. Alviso's work. She is a recognized authority on the audio-lingual method of teaching foreign languages and has done pioneer work in that part of California in the development and use of language laboratories.

That was quite an accomplishment and one we're proud to mention.

She was a graduate of the University of Nevada and has done graduate work at the Universities of California, Washington, Mexico, and Stanford. And many of her pupils have commented on the value of her former teaching and the strong foundation that she had given to those who have continued their language studies in college,' said Mr. Pittman.

Now Lem S. Allen (Lem Sparks) was born August 30, 1906, the birthday of Governor Sparks, the reason for his second name. He was born on his father's ranch, educated in the Fallon schools, and graduated from the University of Nevada in 1928. I think he had a degree in business administration. He returned to his father's ranch and managed it while his father supervised the Allen horses at various race tracks.

On June 16, 1933, Lem Sparks was appointed postmaster in my husband's place. My husband was a Republican. We were always strong Republicans, and just the neighbor, Mrs. Allen and I were strong Democrats. The Republicans knew they had to give it up and they might as well give it to

a... But there were times when Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Johnson did not agree in politics and so they just didn't talk about it. But my son Jimmy, perhaps Mrs. Allen influenced him more than I did. When he was a little boy, he used to go down to Allen's, and Aunt Jessie would say to him, "What are you, a Democrat or a Republican?" And he would say, "You can't come across the bridge and [laughter] ..." So he was a Democrat at the Lem Allen's and a Republican at home.

Mrs. Lem Allen was a very strong Democrat, and she was quite a joy to the older Lem Allen. One time he remarked that it was a sad thing in his life that his sons had married Republican women and his daughters had married Republican men. The Proctors were strong Republicans, and the Coniffs were (Coniff was a Republican sheriff) and I don't know about Daisy's husband, but Jessie Allen, the wife of Lem L. Allen, was a joy to Lem Allen because he was such a strong Democrat.

Lem Sparks Allen was also head of the Masons. He was Master of the Masonic Lodge No. 26, the youngest in that position at that time. He has always been a devoted Mason, and still is postmaster, after thirty-three years.

He married, in 1934, Mary Ellen Eason, daughter of Joe and Maude Eason from Austin. (Joe Eason came from Scotland, and settled in Austin in the early days, later locating on a ranch at Fallon. He died in 1933. Mrs. Eason was born in Virginia City, Nevada.)

Now coming home (I had been to the funeral of Waldo Proctor) with young Lem Allen, the postmaster, we talked on the drive from Reno, and he recalled with nostalgia the famous horses of the Allen thoroughbreds. Any men who have ever worked with horses have always had their favorites. These five or six he remembered outstandingly (because there were hundreds, I think Lem Allen raised

hundreds of horses) These were the ones that he mentioned:

He recalled that Semprolus was perhaps one of the most famous horses his father had owned. He was sired by Sempronius. He was the sire of Wicki Jack, Proctor Hug, Dick Turpin, Swift Lady, and Some Fashion. He was winner of over \$15,000 when two years old, won the stake at Aqueduct, the Canarsie (that was some special course) in his first race, won many after, and also was the winner of the National Stallion stakes. His name goes down in history as the winner of that final race for National Stallions, which was run in 1910.

His winning early victories made him penalized to carry 127 pounds, and when he won with that, added weights were forced on him until, unfortunately, he bled in a late start at Fort Erie in Canada and was retired for the season by his owner R. F. Carman, New York, and purchased by Lem Allen to stand as a stud. Semprolus died in 1927 when he fell in a rut running in the fields on the Allen ranch. His death was the day of mourning for the entire Allen family. And you can imagine, because he was really a gentle, nice horse.

Wicki Jack was the son of Semprolus. He won many good starts for Allen, but he was sold for \$1,500, and went on to break the track record for two miles, and that record was still held in 1960, recorded in the Washington, D.C. almanac.

King Vulture was a famous jumper, sired by Dick Turpin and foaled by Miss Leap Year. He was a champion jumper in California, purchased by R. R. McCarpenter of Delivanayne Farm of Du Pont, where he made records as a hunter that have never been equaled. He won the championship at Devon, Delaware, the great race center, for the fourth year in succession. Under the rules the horse has to win the cup three years in succession

to retain the prize, and King Vulture did them one better.

Then there was El Primo, sired by Irish Exile in 1916 and foaled by Hoda. On his first start in Tiajuana, he broke away from the big fire at the time and ran wild in the hills with the wild horses for ten days before he was caught and taken back into training and won his first race. That wildness evidently put him as a sprinter because he won every race. Allen sold him for \$1,100, and he went on to win in Tiajuana, Canada, New York, and was finally sold, I don't know by whom, but he was sold for \$8,000.

Dick Turpin, sired by Irish Exile and Alessi, was quoted at being the best western juvenile in 1920; broke the Reno track record when two years old, and Allen refused \$3,000 for him. From the age of two to eight, he won many races from Mexico to Canada, including his last three races. After winning in Reno, August 4, 1927, he was retired to the Allen farm to the stud, where he sired many good running colts as well as champion jumpers. He died in 1938. Dick Turpin was remembered as winning and "pulling up lame." He had a weak ankle, but run regularly, nevertheless.

Procter Hug was probably the best known and closest to the Allens' heart and memory. His close friendship with the Allen children resulted in the naming of the horse for the fleet Nevada University football star. Procter Hug had often visited his friend Lem on the ranch, so when the colt was born, they named him "Procter Hug," and he turned out to be a marvelous horse. He was sired by Semprolus and foaled by Betula. He won his first five starts, then sustained a leg injury, when he was retired for a while and purchased by Mike Sufuy for \$5,000. He won many races.

Those five or six horses were enough to make a thoroughbred business, quite a business....

In remembering about the favorite Allen horse, Procter Hug, I wondered how he happened to be on the Allen ranch when he died, and I asked Lem Sparks about it. It seems that Mike Sufuy, who paid \$5,600 for Procter Hug, took him to Chicago, New York, Canada, and all the racing centers, where he won a large amount of money for him until Procter Hug broke down. Then Mike Sufuy shipped him back to tern Allen to stand stud and retire from racing. After he had been on the Allen ranch for three years, he was taken to Agua Caliente and won his first and last race. He was the sire to some very good colts. He must have been eight or nine years when he won that last race. He died on the Allen ranch.

Young Lem Sparks Allen's children: Bonnie June Allen was born June 23, 1936, married August 15, 1962, to Kenneth Ashley Hamman, lieutenant commander in the U. S. Navy. They have one daughter, Kristi Allison, born July 10, 1965. And Lem Sparks Allen, Jr. was born October 11, 1938, married to Geraldine K. Heath February 15, 1959. They have three little girls, Tammie Dian, born December 23, 1960; Sherrie Kay, July 13, 1962; and Kim Dennis, September 10, 1965. Lem S. Allen, Jr. is operations officer for the First National Bank in Las Vegas, at the Third and Fremont Branch.

The youngest child of the Lem L. Allen's was born December 23, 1910, named Elizabeth, lovingly called Betty. She was educated in Churchill County High School, attended the College of Notre Dame in California, graduated in 1932 from the University of Nevada, and taught home economics in Carson City for a couple of years and then married Alec Lohse on July 8, 1934, in Fallon. Alec Lohse was born December 22, 1909. Both were graduates of the University of Nevada. Elizabeth taught home economics

in Carson City, and after their marriage he taught school in Ely.

Their first son, Allen Lohse, was born April 12, 1935 in Ely, Nevada and he married Joanne Clarke, born August 19, 1935 on May 29, 1965. They live in San Jose, California. Their daughter, Barbara Twila Lohse, was born August 16, 1939, in Palo Alto, California, and she's married to James Lewis Conrady, who was born May 22, 1933 in Santa Ana, California. They were married September 2, 1961 in Garden Grove, California where they are still living now. Alec and Betty (Elizabeth) are living in Garden Grove too, in California.

While we were at that funeral (the Proctor brothers') we were talking, the three of us, my sister, and my cousin Jen, who is Jennie Sherwood, the sister of the two boys who had passed away. And we were talking about this project that I was working on, and Jen was very much enthused about it, so I asked her to write some memories. She remembered quite a few things, for instance:

My mind's eye sees Grandpa's farm as we used to come down the lane with its tall poplars as we came from Wadsworth. And sometimes Grandpa would see us coming while he was irrigating. He would be riding old Alec. And first we came to the big barn, then great -grandpa's little house, then the store, and the post office, which was open when the stage came in. And what a treat it was for us kids to go to the store with Aunt Daisy, she was the postmistress. I remember the shelves in the store with the large glass jars of stick candy and pretty gay colored calicos and percales and lawns. Then, in front of the store was a water trough for the horses. Then there was the carriage house and the

blacksmith's shop, the bunk house for the hired men, the chicken houses for the chickens and turkeys where I used to go with Grandma and she would gather water and buckets of eggs. Most of all was the beautiful peacocks and the guinea hens that were kind of watch dogs in those days. Then there was the dairy with its rows and rows of milk pans and cream, and how good the buttermilk was, and old Steve the dairyman made the best cheese.

Beyond this was the garden. Vegetables don't taste like they did then. From that garden went the best of the huge watermelons and icicle radishes. Then down the lane was abandoned freight wagons where we children used to play. Right in the center was the round corral with its huge haystack where the men and boys used to break the horses. The home of adobe looked at all like this. In front of the house was huge Carolina poplars, which I can remember our great-grandfather stopped everybody that came and told them specially that he was the one who carried those trees from the river and planted them.

Mine was a happy childhood because of our visits to our grandparents. Grandpa Allen was almost like a Santa Claus, next to Santa Claus in my mind.

There were beauty spots around the ranch such as the pond in back of the chicken house with its water lilies, the orchards filled with the fruit and the [garden] to the north of the house. And the river across the back field where we went swimming. The chick sales with the catalogues where

we used to go when there were dishes to be done. There weren't too many dishes because Grandma had help always—sometimes a Chinaman, but I remember squaws mostly. But I do remember one time when we went there that a Chinaman was so dirty that she had to have him leave after the second crop, and clean out the kitchen with a hose.

And then the great big large cookie jars. She always had two big ten-gallon cookie jars that the children...

I remember the pump at the dining room porch which one had to prime. It had rubber cups on the chain which brought the water up. Then the real treat was when we were allowed to ring the gong to call the men to dinner. There were wash basins on that bench along the dining room porch which the hired men used to wash before eating and what meals!

Then she also remembers, she went to say, that she had heard them talking about one time when Grandpa Allen delivered one of Grandma Allen's babies himself, and how Grandma admonished him to be sure and put a sheet over his lap as an apron.

She also remembered that he never would take a pass from the railroad because he thought that it might put him in a precarious position, as he was an assemblyman.

And then she remembered in 1902, when her brother was just two years old, Theodore Roosevelt was going through Reno, so they went up, all the family, to see the governor and his staff go by down the lane to greet Theodore Roosevelt as his string stopped by. They were out on the porch of the hotel, and they d left



Waldo, the baby, on the bed. The drums were coming down, and Grandpa Allen and the governor's staff were all dressed up with their swords and all, and they just got a glimpse of him as he came down when Waldo fell off the bed, and Grandpa Allen passed by without them seeing him.

Alma remembered when she and Earl used to steal Grandpa Allen's teeth. He was always taking his teeth out. And Grandma Allen was always saying she knew who had taken them. "You get those teeth back to him."

She must have had a time in the summertime with all the men to cook for, and all the children coming to visit, but she seemed to have had wonderful discipline. No children were allowed on the other side of the street, only when the stage came in and Aunt Daisy took them. Because it was dangerous. But on the side of the road where the house and the fruit trees and the old wagons were, they were allowed to play. They had big trunks of old clothes, and Jen remembers how they used to dress up, and doll up, and go and play.

And once of the disciplines that Grandma Allen used to give them when they didn't mind, was to put them in this special room that Grandpa had built which only had one door in it. It was his study room, off of his bedroom. (After the day's work, during the summer, that's where he did his studying, study law.) There wasn't anything much the children could harm in there. It was only his study room, but they'd have to go and sit there for punishment, away from the other children. And that seemed to have been a very good discipline because they always minded Grandma, and Grandpa too. It seemed to me that we never had any idea of disobeying, much. You know, in those days children were taught to be seen and not heard. That was one of the slogans that I've heard Grandpa say any number of times.

Jennie and Alma in our nostalgia, in speaking of the home-sickness, remembered the Fourth of July celebration in a grove of trees between the Ferguson and Allen ranches with fried chicken, new potatoes, and peas, and big five-gallon freezers of ice cream—homemade ice cream with real cream. And Jennie remembers especially one time when she was there, one of the ranchers had forgotten to bring their own ice cream, and there was much whispering about their not bringing it, but they never went back and got it. It was always remembered and spoken of as a gossip.

They had races and bucking horse riding. Lem L. Allen was considered the best bronco rider in the country and was often knocked unconscious. He used to break the horses in a big round corral. But I remember times when they'd bring him in and lay him on the bed.

We cousins who hadn't seen each other for quite a while reminisced and remembered many things about the old ranch. One of the persons that they all decided should be connected with the Lem Allen history was Jim Barron.

Jim Barron came out from the East to prospect and find gold. He spent the winters at the Lem Allen ranch and later at the L. L. Allen ranch. He went every spring to do prospecting, and development work on a mine near Eagleville. The groceries and provisions were provided by the Allen family. He stayed there thirty years and never went back home, though there were letters—he received letters and entreaties and everything—but there never was a return home. He didn't return one tall and was found at the mine with the cabin burned down. The mine he prospected was afterwards discovered to be the Summit King Mine by Daws and developed into a rich-producer several years after Jim Barron's death.

He was the object of a good deal of teasing by these young cousins; they would steal his pipe and do all kinds of things, but he was quite a character. He just sat there mostly with...I think he chewed tobacco, too. I don't have the memory of him, but these boys would have, because they used to be out at the bunkhouse. I know he was quite a cross for poor Aunt Jessie, Mrs. Lem L. Allen, who had to feed him just the same. Of course, he stayed at the bunkhouse, but he was hard to—they tried to keep him clean and see that he took care of himself. It was quite a problem. There were several hangers-on like that.

My cousin, Jennie Proctor Sherwood, who had so many memories of Grandpa Allen and her visiting on the farm, was married to Owen N. Sherwood on March 3, 1920 and her husband passed away in September, 1941. He was a first lieutenant in World War I. They had a harrowing experience when their little boy was five years old. They were out on a picnic and he fell down off a cliff and was killed. And that was such a heartbreaking experience for both Jen and her husband. They later had a daughter.

There was an interesting thing that happened to the Proctors. Her father Elijah Proctor was found through the "Lost Heirs" project and was given some seven to ten thousand dollars left by an uncle. The news was brought to him by a lawyer from Massachusetts. In his uncle's will, he had left his money to a retarded daughter as long as she lived. And of course, it was like finding something out of a clear sky, but they were still not too well satisfied. It came on them so suddenly that afterwards they thought they shouldn't have settled quite so quickly, that perhaps there would have been more money.

On Art Linkletter's program, he tells about the thousands of dollars that have been left in wills that this "Lost Heirs" project find. So I

thought that was quite interesting that they should have gotten that and it came at a very happy time in their life... I just don't know just when it was, but it was from seven to ten thousand dollars.

Now she remembered also that her father Elijah Proctor and Grandpa Lem Allen owned a mine in Olinghouse, "The Ora and the Jennie C." Allen bought out Norris, who was Proctor's partner, about '97 or '98. And they sunk a shaft and followed the vein and took most of the money out in pockets. It was taken to San Francisco where it was minted. The mine was sold in 1900, and the Proctors then moved to Wadsworth. They had evidently lived in Olinghouse.

And they were assured by the school trustees when they built the big school house in 1900 in Wadsworth that the town was in no danger of being moved, though the report had been around that it was to be. So Proctor went ahead and built a new home and settled there in Wadsworth, but the town was moved in 1904.





---

## DEVELOPMENTS IN CHURCHILL COUNTY, PAST AND PRESENT, SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC

### CONTRIBUTIONS OF EARLY SETTLERS

I wanted to talk a little bit about some of the pioneers. I think I. H. Kent was probably one of the most influential men in the county and did much for the development of the county.

He came as a young boy in the spring of 1876 with a wagonload of wagons, and he landed in Stillwater, which was then the county seat of Churchill County. Settlers there were not altogether plentiful, but somehow or other, they took a fancy to Kent's wagons and took them of f the young man's hands. As a matter of fact, the young man felt kindly toward the place and the people, and it was not long before he decided to locate permanently in Stillwater. And he proved his worth to such an extent in such a short time that the voters of the district at the fall election chose him as their county recorder.

This compliment was paid Kent when he was but a couple of months past the age of twenty-one years. It was not long until he had gained another high compliment in the

community. His proposal of marriage was accepted and he was wedded to the eldest daughter of Charles Kaiser, for many years the most prominent resident of the community.

He remained in Stillwater, and besides holding public office, engaged in farming, keeping store, and stock-raising until 1902, when the county seat was moved to Fallon. He had served two terms as county recorder, two as district attorney, and, when the change in county seats was made, was serving his second term as county treasurer. He had been especially successful in business enterprises with the result that, when he moved to Fallon to complete his term as county treasurer, he had acquired some 3,500 acres of land, together with other valuable holdings.

On moving to the new county seat, he organized and incorporated the I. H. Kent Company, dealers in general merchandise: machinery, wagons, buggies, groceries, and dry goods. The venture proved to be one of the most successful of its kind ever undertaken in the state, and during the first two years of operation, the company cleared \$60,000.

So he had business acumen, but he also had an element of luck. He just hit the place at the right time. Because there was the dams, the Newlands Project being made, and then there was the mining camps—the rush in the mining camps at Fairview, and, later, a large increase was gained because of the construction of the Truckee-Carson Project. The I. H. Kent Company, operating in the agricultural district of Fallon, was credited with doing the largest mercantile business in the state, running some years as high as \$500,000.

He was a very kind man. He was influential, and some people criticized him for being a little shrewd, but one thing I do think maybe added to his success; he had any number of employees, and any number of them shortchanged him, and were caught in the act stealing from him, but not once did he send one of those people to jail. And I think that was really a very commendable trait in a man, and maybe it added a great deal to his success because he tempered everything with mercy.

There was a man at the time that ran a butcher shop, Albee's Butcher Shop, and he found a man stealing some hams in his shop, and he just went to town and sent that man to jail and made a big affair of it. At the same time, the Kent Company had had one of its (of course in a little town those things are told) best clerks found cheating, but it was all grapevine talk that we heard. It was never brought out in the public; he never was condemned, never was arrested or anything of the kind. He was given a chance to pay back, I guess. He was fired, of course, and maybe given another job, I can't remember, but I remember when the thing happened. Now the Kent Company is still a very fine company.

I. H. Kent had credit for doing more to locate the sugar beet factory here, too, than

any one person. He managed the affairs of the company in the last year it was operated. In 1930, he was appointed receiver by the district court and had charge of its affairs in that capacity for some time. The factory received a temporary setback because sufficient acreage was not secured for the growing of beets, but it was hoped at that time the industry would revive in the state. Through all the years that I. H. Kent was a successful and conspicuous figure in the life of Churchill County, he was known as a consistent worker in behalf of the advancement of the community and state. He served as president of the Churchill County Chamber of Commerce. In connection with the taking up and development of public lands in Churchill County, he was credited with having been of unusual assistance to the homesteaders. He carried a lot. Lots of times, he had to write off as much as \$10,000 off his books, by carrying the numerous accounts of those people.

The Kent family consisted of three children, two sons and a daughter, Charles Kent, the eldest son, directed the affairs on the thousand-acre Kent ranch in Stillwater for some time, while the youngest, Ira L. Kent, a graduate of the University of Nevada, was connected with the Kent Company in Fallon. The daughter, Mrs. Florence Wallace, resided in Fallon.

Forty years of residence in the state of Nevada is part of the record of I. H. Kent, and during many of those years of activity, he was recognized as one of the state's most solid and substantial citizens, one of the very best businessmen, one who had gained success by persistent endeavor in the state's splendid fields of opportunity.

Ira L. Kent was married to Margaret Dolf, in 1920. They were the parents of Thomas, Kenneth, and Robert, all residents of Churchill County, and Mrs. Mary Lou Neddenriep of

Gardnerville. Mrs. Kent presently resides on Stillwater Avenue in Fallon. Ira passed away....

The two sons now, Thomas and Robert, are managing the Kent store. And Kenneth is running his grandfather Thomas Dolf's ranch—he lives down on the ranch. They are often together in business.

Over the years, the company and the people of Churchill County have become increasingly interdependent. They have changed their store from a little one in Stillwater to a larger one in Fallon. At first they had dry goods, but now they have a market, a supermarket, just like a Safeway. And they modernize, they keep going all the time.

Kent organized the I. H. Kent Company. Besides Kent there were Thomas Dolf, George Ernst, J. W. Freeman, and W. B. Wyrick. Each subscriber subscribed to two hundred shares of stock, and I understand that it has paid very good dividends from then on.

I want to speak about Thomas Dolf. He was one of my husband's best friends. They went out together and bought cattle several times. He was what you would call a self-made man. He was a native of Switzerland. He arrived in Nevada in the year 1885 and milked cows on my grandfather's ranch; he was an expert milker. And they used to have contests on which milker could milk the fastest. Tom Dolf always won the contest. He was an enterprising young man, and he finally saved money enough and got an interest in a ranch. He had the Midas-touch or he had an element of luck in him, we always said. I think he was also a good businessman. But I do think there is an element of luck sometimes. He got in on the right thing.

While freighting hay to the Comstock, he met and married Ida Baker. They were married in 1898 and had two children, Charles, who died at the age of six, and Margaret, who married Ira L. Kent. He

served as senator from Churchill County for a number of years. He was a stockholder in the bank. He told Jim one time that he lost \$20,000 feeding cattle that year. He used to raise a thousand tons of hay and feed five or six hundred head of cattle. He said his wife begged him not to feed cattle next year. But he said, "I did. I turned around and did, Jim, and I made \$40,000 that year." He had a habit of saying to Jim, "You never can tell when you're going to get a break, Jim. Sometimes when it looks the blackest, things turn out all right." And that was his policy. He never seemed to get discouraged, and he just went right on. As I said, he had that lucky streak in him. At a certain time, when things were booming, he invested in the right things. When he made that \$40,000, I guess he invested it right.

He said once to Jim when they were out, "See that big bowl of doughnuts there?" He said, "When I first came to this country, I didn't have much money in my pocket and I would have given a nickel for one of those doughnuts." "Now," he said, "my pockets are full and I can't eat 'em." His health was bad 'long toward the later years. His wife passed away, and he lived on the home place until he passed away. And now his grandson, Kenneth, is running his ranch, the Tom Dolf ranch, which is one of the largest ranches east of Fallon.

I want to speak of John Oats, too. He was a man that my husband and I admired very much. He came to Nevada from England in 1868. He married Nell Eason of Austin. He first owned and operated the Eastgate ranch until the severe winter of 1889 and 1890 killed nearly all of his cattle. He spent the rest of his life on his ranch, now part of Fallon, known as the Oats farm. He bought the Jake Allen ranch for \$7,000 when he came to Fallon in about 1902 or 1903. His two sons, Alfred and John Oats, Jr., still operate the farm. They are

truly one of the founders of Fallon. They are the founders of the very fine dairy, the Oats Brothers. But John Oats donated, to the city, land for the first high school, and, to the Methodist church, land for its first building. At the gateway to Oats Park, which land he also donated to the city, stands a monument erected by the grateful citizens in his honor, and to the east end is a grammar school named in his honor.

In 1921, he purchased four purebred Holstein cows from the H. J. Long herd. This was one of the highest producing herds, in the United States, and a world-record cow, the first to produce a thousand pounds of fat on twice a day milking, and also a four-year old bull, the only one at that time to classify "excellent, ninety-five points" in time.

Oats will always be remembered by those who knew him as a kindly, friendly man. Here is a picture of him on "Old Jim," his horse, and it was one of the stories... "When John Oats came to town even if he stayed and lingered awhile celebrating a little bit, all he had to do was get on Old Jim and Jim took him home.

Others I remember are the Kaisers and the Theelen's. Mr. Kaiser had a big ranch down in the Stillwater area. He was a very genial man. He had built up a very big ranch; he raised sheep and cattle. He was in partnership with Freeman, or else Freeman bought him out. It's now the Freeman ranch. Kaiser was the father of Mrs. I. H. Kent, and Lillian Esden (she taught music in Wadsworth) . She was my music teacher.

I remember the Theelen ranch. The overland stage used to stop there for meals. Then it went on through to Stillwater. Theelen was a hardy fine man. He had three daughters. Minnie Branch Taylor (she just died in Reno) and Katie Fallon and Mrs. McKlean, I've forgotten what her first name was.

And then there was this old county hospital which you see as you come by here on the northeast corner of the J. W. Johnson ranch, forty acres. In the old days, when this land, I don't know how it was accumulated by Grandpa Allen, but I think some of it was bought from the government and some was squatter s rights and some was bought from other people who had squatted, but he thought that this 320 acres that my father, Jud Allen, and Charlie Allen afterwards owned belonged to them. But when the homesteaders act came in and the plots were made, Julius H. Miller discovered that forty acres in the northeast corner of the ranch had not been patented, so he homesteaded it. Well, it wasn't much of a corner. There were two or three—you can see even now—two or three sandhills. But Julius Miller made a county farm out of it. He built a building and kept adding on to it. He was a Seventh Day Adventist and believed in the hot water treatment. I know my husband used to go up there and take hot water treatments. And he had the contract for taking care of the county farm for years. The fact is that he went on to add each year a little bit more, and he got a little help from the county pensioners, too. He and his wife had three or four children. They were a fine family and fine people, but about in the late twenties their son, Tremayne, was killed by something falling on him, and their place was burned. So, undaunted, Julius Miller started to rebuild again with the dream of finally making his place a second St. Helena Sanatorium. That was really his dream. And so he made everything of cement. The walls were cement; the floors were cement, and he had quite a large hospital. My daughter Isabel was born there. It was developing into quite a nice place. I remember that there was a big, glassed-in porch from the room where I was on May 1, and Mrs. Miller was the nurse,

and they were very fine people, though being Advents, they would only serve you certain things, but, of course, it was all right with me.

Somehow or other they got in bad with the county physicians. I'm sure Dr. James Canton Ferrell was one of them. And there was a lot of dissension and fighting back and forth until, finally, he lost his contract with the county. It was, of course, the county that was keeping him going all this time. That little two or three hundred dollars a month that he got, and then with his own thrift and his labor, why, he was building up into a nice, very fine thing, but in losing the county support, he couldn't build up a business. He became almost fanatic on the fact that he could have made a wonderful sanatorium out of that [place] which was, of course, a beautiful thought and a beautiful dream, but he was taken ill and passed away.

His wife kept the place for awhile, but couldn't work it. She was a very charming woman, but she was a hitchhiker. She was one of the people we have known in the country who just made trips back to Washington, D. C., and all over the country by just standing on the highway, and [waving] her thumb and traveling. Of course, some people thought she was a little, well, demented, but she wasn't. She was quite alert up to the last, and she still believed, even though the place had been taken over by Mr. E. S. Harriman, who had loaned money heavily to the Miller place, that it belonged to her and fought for it right up [to the end.] There was quite a lot of dissension and trouble over it.

She had two lovely daughters, Lois and Eleanore. Now I don't know where they are now, but they married. Lois was a very fine musician, and, Edward their son, is supposed to be a psychologist in Hollywood. She had worked very hard to educate her children, and, especially, to make her son a doctor. And

there were some very sad tales about how she went extremes to do it. But that was one of the peculiar things that really happened in our district that I thought was interesting. I don't know whether she's still alive or not... but those children, I think, are. I think Eleanore married a rancher in Reno.

They had done their wonderful piece of work at that time and they did a great deal of service to Churchill County and to the people. I feel sad when I see that place now. You see, the earthquake knocked it all to pieces, and then people have tried to drag it away. Well, it was just solid cement. Why, there were big walls a foot thick. He was going to make sure.

He used to have dreams—I remember one time he came down, and he could see a streetcar line coming from Fallon to his place, to the sanatorium.

The one thing that I, myself, am very thankful to Julius Miller for was that he, around '23 or '24, organized the farmers to build an electric line from the old hospital to Wightman's. And, of course, we all took an interest and built it. And that was one of the great joys of my life. Oh, how I hated to wash lamps and lamp chimneys. And now it seems all like a dream, you know, in the past. But it was quite a job every morning to collect the lamp chimneys, and shine them all up, and fill the lamps, and put them all back in line for the evening, for the coming evening. And when electricity came in, why, that was just almost like magic! So I am indeed grateful to Julius Miller for that. Of course, the electricity meant a lot to him at the hospital to help with the work and all. He was a worker and an aggressive man, and did quite a bit of good in his time. He was a devoted Advent. They all were.

I went to call on Walter Phillips and his wife the other day to try to get some of his



memory about Hazen. He was ninety-one years old in March, 1966, and I think he and his wife are one of the most remarkable couples in Churchill County today. He's quite alert.

You see, in histories of Hazen, the people don't remember the *first* Hazen. It was a cut-off. When they first started the cut-off from Hazen to Fallon, there was a boxcar station at Hazen, and W. C. Hollingsworth and Jay Cox were the station agents. Mr. Phillips remembers that. And he remembered the time that Lawrence was the postmaster and took men out and robbed them and got away with a lot of paychecks. I'll tell that later in my story.

L. H. Taylor and Frank Carpenter were the clerks at the Hazen headquarters northwest on the other side of the track. Al Phillips and his brother were among the plane table crews which measured the contours of the valley for the laying out of the canals and ditches for the water that was to pass through when Lahontan Dam was finished. He said that they found that the old farmers had the ditches about where they belonged, which was natural. They had to make the water flow., and water will seek its own level. Swift was the engineer for the seventeen miles of the canal from Derby to Lahontan. The steam-shovels dug the canal and men followed with four-horse Fresnos. Leeteville was halfway from Hazen to Fallon and might have become a prosperous center because someone wanted to buy land from O. J. Leete and put up a halfway house there, but he wouldn't allow it. He wouldn't sell it because he wouldn't allow liquor to be sold on his place.

The report was that in the building of Derby Dam many men found ground and they said, or thought, it was worth a man's life to have any kind of money coming to him. If he had three or four hundred dollars,

he disappeared. Nobody ever found him or cared.

He remembered that Clyde Taylor was a driving with his teacher friend one evening when a man asked him directions to a certain place in a rather profane, brusque manner, and Clyde told him to "be careful, you're talking in front of a lady," and the man replied more profanely and Clyde jumped out of the buggy with a gun and said, "Move along." But he no sooner said that than the man shot him, but he was not seriously hurt. The man evidently found his way out as he never was found. They tried to apprehend him, but somehow or other, he must have found the place he was looking for...

Now his wife, Alice Phillips, is eighty-two years old. She was stricken with polio in 1947 (that was nineteen years ago), and she goes around now with crutches just as though she's all right. Nothing keeps her down. She goes to the club meetings, and she does her shopping. She drives her car, and, really, I just envy her. I admire her a lot. You know, anybody that's just overcome like that! She's very crippled, and all, but her mind is very alert, and she's quite capable of doing things. She gets a lot done. I was on a committee with her not so very long ago, and I didn't know whether, I'm so old and helpless that I don't get much done, and I didn't know whether she could, but she was able to do more than I seemed to because she just does it all the time. She came to Churchill County in 1899 to live in Stillwater with her brother Charlie at the hotel that Charlie Cirac bought from Jim Sanford in 1898. Charles Cirac bought the hotel from Sanford in 1898 and remodeled it extensively in 1903. And Alice Cirac came to live with him and go to school. She was married in 1906 to Walter Phillips and they have a son and daughter, both married, and live in Reno. Her son Theodore Phillips is a

captain in the Marines, was also a graduate of Annapolis, and is to be sent to Vietnam this coming July (1966). Her daughter, Connie Phillips, is married to Frank E. Walters the real estate agent in Reno (they call him Pete). Connie has two sons, Warren and David. And that gives Alice Phillips two grandsons, and one of her grandsons has two sons, so she has two grandsons and two great-grandsons. She didn't give me the names of them so I didn't ask. After seeing her, I realized what a remarkable couple she and her husband are—their minds are quite alert. They have overcome their bodies, but they live quite a simple, easy life. She drives the car; she shops, and is not retarded by anything or anybody. I certainly do take my hat off to her because it takes a lot of nerve to do that. Of course, she did become accustomed to it... but I always like to see her when she stands in line at the Artemesia Club for luncheons, why, I always like to see that she gets her lunch first, but she never seems to mind and nobody else seems to pay much attention. She's very smart to go on because just staying at home—there's not much bravery or courage in that. It's when you have to go out and fight the traffic that takes the courage.

#### JAPANESE IN CHURCHILL COUNTY

I wanted to mention the Japanese settlers in Churchill County. The Itos and Kitos, two Japanese families bought the Morrison ranch a quarter of a mile from us about 1918. And when they bought it they caused quite a furor in Churchill County. The people had a meeting and decided that they were not going to have the Japanese take over Churchill County, which they often have done in other places in California. So they made some kind of law which wasn't too strong, I don't think, that people couldn't sell to the Japs. And they

put big signs out on the highway "Japs not wanted here." It was quite a feeling against them. But the Itos and Kitos proved to be very fine families, and quite an asset to the community. They were good people. They raised their children here, and sent them to school—I can't remember how many children they had. They raised vegetables, and you'd go down and get them. Very reasonable. And every time you bought so much, they'd say, maybe this was fifty cents, and then they would come out with something extra and say, "I geev to you." I often told Jim that they should be very happy because it must have made them happy to give. They seemed to be happier being able to "geev" to you than to sell, though they worked hard, both the women and the men. And they had several children.

I had the Kito girls working for me. They used to come up and help me—they'd walk up. (I was raising turkeys and chickens and cooking at that time.) They were good little workers. They washed dishes and helped with the turkeys and did all the little odd chores. One of them worked for Mrs. Bass, too. The older girls were very good and didn't mind working, but as the younger generation came on and the girls found they could run the tractors for their father, we weren't able to get any more help from the Japanese girls. The girls grew up and went on and were married. They left and we still get Christmas cards from the Itos. They sold the ranch to John Gomes, and, I guess, retired. The older man Ito was ill for a good long, for quite a while, but he's still alive. And they're living in Oakland, California, where one of the daughters runs a flower shop.

The people, I think, finally came to like the Itos and Kitos and hated to see them leave. We wondered what we'd do about getting watermelons and cantaloupes and things like that. They were the only ones—none of us



raised gardens. We just depended upon the Japanese garden down there. Lots of people in Fallon [depended on them]. They sold a good deal of their produce to the Kent Company, too.

Did the people ever take any direct action against the Itos and Kitos? No, not after they arrived. It was just the idea that the Japanese were not to be allowed to increase. That was the only ranch that was ever bought by the Japanese in the district. We really learned to love them almost. They were so good and so kind and always willing to “geev” to you. One felt a little ashamed sometimes taking their things, but as I said to Jim, “I would rather give than receive.” They must have enjoyed a great pleasure in giving.

I taught those girls music lessons, the Japanese girls. They came up here and practiced on my piano when the little Mary Kito and Yoshiko Ito were about ten or eleven years old. They were very good students. They’d come up and practice, and then, finally, they bought a piano of their own and practiced at home.

Were the people who were so against having the Japanese in here just afraid of the economic problem? Yes, that was it. You see now, up in Ontario, Oregon, the Japanese just about took over that country. It’s a very prolific and wonderful country, and they just bought the land, and I don’t think they really forced the Americans out, but they were such workers that the Americans just couldn’t compete with them. They are very exceptional people, there’s no doubt about it. It wasn’t racial here because they were treated well in the schools and in high school. They were good students, all of them.

Did they mix a lot socially in the community? Yes, they would go to different things. Everyone was nice to them and would invite them. They would always donate to

school things and like that. When they were invited out, they dressed up real nice, and came, and always were treated very nicely by everybody.

Did they ever show any resentment of this feeling in the community that they didn’t want any more Japanese? No, never heard much about them.

We had a Japanese working for us, Frank Saki, at that time. We rented land to him for potatoes. He was a nice little fellow, and his wife was the greatest worker. She would have a little Japanese on her back and carrying one in her stomach and still go out and work in the field. I had almost forgotten about them, but they were very good tenants and brought us quite a good income. He had a son, too. But they finally went back to Japan and lived, the Sakis. I don’t think they ever felt as though they were mistreated, the Itos and the Kitos, or snubbed in any way. In fact, Margaret Kent was very lovely to them, and she was one of the leading society women of the town. And they were always very gracious to her and gave them wonderful presents on account of the business, I think, that they did with the store. Margaret Kent visits them now when she goes to San Francisco. That was quite a time, quite an economic thing. But now I understand that the Johnson brothers on Swingle Bench raise cantaloupe and garden stuff and have sort of taken their place. Also, the Workmans at Soda Lake are raising a truck garden, and people go out there. But when the Japs left, we just didn’t know how we were going to make it. Of course, we didn’t get vegetables and things quite so reasonably or quite so easy at that time.

## **SCHOOLS**

Many of these facts are remembered from articles about the history of Churchill County

schools written by Annie B. Nichols in the *Fallon Standard*, November, 1945.

The ranches were far apart with no center community, so establishing a central school was a great problem. The population of Churchill County in 1880 was 479.

The first school organized was in the big adobe in the upper sink of the Carson River in 1871 and was taught by Lemuel Allen, who taught it for three years. In 1872, the county was divided with two districts, one at Upper Sink, and the other at Stillwater. They were fifteen miles apart.

In 1874, the districts were consolidated into the Union district. A fine school costing \$4,000 was erected. It was a boarding school and had a matron and headmaster. Pupils stayed during the week and returned home for the weekend, and the attendance varied from forty to sixty at the time. It was quite a prominent school and all the prominent ranchers brought their children. The school was located south of Fallon, just south of the Allen ranch where the old cemetery was located. W. H. A. Pike and Will Smith were teachers. Later, the Seventh-Day Adventists bought that building and used it as a church of worship, for a social center for gatherings, spelling bees, singing gatherings, and everything but dancing.

In the early 1880's, the fourth district, known as the New River District No. 4 was formed. The school building was located near the Brown ranch where the Midwest Auction now stands. Later moved to a location near the present city hall. Mrs. Fred Small and Mrs. Ida Mapes Sanford were the first teachers there.

The population increased and land was donated by Warren Williams, who had purchased the Fallon ranch property; he donated a lot for a larger school building at Maine and Center, now the Maine Street service station, accommodating about forty

pupils. Miss Nellie Robbins, later Mrs. Will Williams, taught in 1901, and Mrs. Callie Ferguson from St. Clair District, and Miss Annie Theelen was teaching there, but she quit her job to take a more lucrative one at the I. H. Kent store. Miss Myra Sanford taught the primary grades in the town hall and Callie Ferguson the upper grades.

Population increased by the influx of the Newlands Project opening and, school room being insufficient, a room was rented from I. H. Kent for a primary department. The school officials at that time were Harvey Burchell, Thomas Dolt, James Smitten, and W. C. Grimes, the district attorney, whose duty it was to be the county superintendent. Orvis Ring was state superintendent at that time.

In 1906, Annie B. Coffrin of Calistoga, California was engaged as principal, and Annie Damm of Lovelock, Nevada, was the primary teacher.

In March, 1907, the flood that washed out the northern part of town and a section of the railroad, enforced a vacation at school. School funds were depleted with only seven months of school, but bonds were voted, with only five votes against, to finish off the term with nine months, and a bond for ten thousand dollars for a new school building.... They were voted together.

Senator Williams then exchanged a lot on Maine Street, where that school was then, for a larger tract of his land in the west end of town. A four-room brick school building was erected. Waiting for the building to be completed, the grade schools rented two rooms of the high school for thirty dollars a month.

In the fall of 1908, they moved into their new building. Annie B. Coffrin was principal, Nina Sheckler was intermediate teacher, and Annie Damm, primary teacher. In the fall of 1909, Annie B. Coffrin was principal; Nina

Sheckler, intermediate; and Cecyl Allen, primary teacher. In 1910, Mr. Curtis J. Richie became principal, and Fred Wood in 1911, with Annie B. teaching the fifth and sixth, Gertrude Pike third and fourth, and Cecyl Allen first and second.

The teachers were urged to go to teacher's institute at that time, where subjects discussed were teacher's salaries and school supervision. Up to this time, there were no supervisors for small schools, but in 1910 and 1911, the State Board of Education was appointed to devise some plan adequate to deal with Nevada's needs. The following unique plan was devised which divided the state into five districts, each to be supervised by a deputy superintendent, appointed by the state superintendent, who was elected, thus bringing schools in isolated districts under the same supervision as larger schools. Mr. Fred Abel of Winnemucca was the first deputy of Churchill County.

The only State Teacher's Institute held in Fallon was conducted by Deputy Superintendent Fred Abel, Professor R. H. Fetter of the high school, and Fred Wood of the grade school in 1911. The instructors were Professor Bunker of Berkeley and Miss Abbie Louise Day of the University of Nevada, who demonstrated new methods of teaching. The trend of consolidating rural schools was Professor Bunker's subject of address, one that Professor Abel was most enthusiastic about. The grade school presented an operetta during the institute, "The Three Bears", trained by Annie B. Coffrin for entertainment; and the new sugar beet factory was inspected by the visiting teachers. Dr. J. E. Stubbs of the University of Nevada closed the session with a lecture.

By 1914, the grade schools were too crowded. An oil boom had started, and the farms were being settled. They were too crowded in the four-room, west-end building,

and the school board accepted the gift of John Oats for a site east of town, part of Oats Park, and built a four-room building with an assembly room, manual training and home-arts facilities, at a cost of \$20,000.

Professor E. L. McKeowen and his staff of upper-grade teachers, Annie B. Coffrin Nichols, Gladys Willis, and Zora B. Stumpff, occupied this building leaving the west end to the primary grades.

In 1920, it was necessary, due to the increased population, to add an addition at an expense of \$41,000, more than twice as much as the cost of the main building. The consolidation of the schools started then. The Smart, Wildes, and Wightman making the Union District. Then Sheckler, Soda Lake, and Old River united with Fallon No. 4, and about 1921, Consolidated A united with the Union District with Consolidated B of Fallon. George Ernst was instrumental in this, and became one of the trustees of Consolidated B.

Transportation for the consolidation became a problem, but was worked out satisfactorily by purchasing three buses at the cost of \$12,000, building a garage for housing, and a mechanic to keep them in repair, and supervise the drivers, who were high school boys over sixteen, for twenty-five dollars a month. As other districts joined Consolidated B, buses were added until there were twelve.

During the Depression, the high school students found it difficult to get to school, so they joined the Consolidated B fleet of buses, sharing the expenses and providing new buses until the system grew to sixteen buses in 1945. To the credit of this unique system, never has there been an accident to date. Much credit was due to Jay Babb, the mechanic, for years of supervision and service.

Northern School and Hazen are consolidated. Then finally, the Lone Tree

and Stillwater, the St. Clair, and the Harmon School were the last to consolidate. They had all built and modernized their schools, and they were centers for their districts for entertainments and country school dances at that time. And the Stillwater and the Harmon Districts were loath to give up their good schools because they had really made them into very fine buildings and fine schools, and they figured that it was such a long ways to bring their young children. They have to get up so early in the morning to come. But, they finally were overruled and were consolidated, so that all the schools in Churchill County to date [are consolidated]. There are no outlying county schools at all, but the children from Stillwater, the little ones have to get up early, and it's a long day for them. They're managing all right.

There's something here about the Harmon School. It was one of the best schools, I think, and a symbol of progress in the city's growth and education. The Harmon School District where all united in a movement for the improvement of their school, and along with it, the encouragement of the social side of life among the people of that district. I think they probably were the strongest district.

The first step in this movement was taken by the school trustees, Messrs. A. Bowman, Charles N. Davis, and Fred A. Nelson, when they made application to the project manager, D. W. Cole, to have a tract of land set aside by the Reclamation Service for a school site and civic center for the district. Their plan was to procure a large enough tract to provide for a school farm on which practical demonstrations of agriculture could be made with the view of interesting arising generations of boys in the most up-to-date scientific farm methods. The plan also provided space for the creation of a public park, a playground for the entire community.

Recognizing the importance of this project, the government officials promptly set aside a very desirable tract of land for the use contemplated, and agreed to furnish without charge a reasonable amount of water to irrigate it. After they had procured the site, the people of the district at once set out making plans (the whole district has always worked together, the Harmon District, and still do) for a start in work. They decided that the ground-breaking should be made a big event, one which would fully demonstrate the spirit of the community and be in keeping with their enthusiasm toward the work in hand.

A committee in arrangements consisting of H. C. Taylor, L. J. Clarke, Fulton H. Sears and H. F. Buerer promptly set to work soliciting laborers and teams among the men, while the ladies arranged the details for a grand picnic dinner. Friday, July the Fourth, was the day set for the big event, and a large number of guests (this was 1915, I think) were invited from Fallon and neighboring districts, and what they saw that day was certainly a revelation to the visitors. No less than 140 head of heavy work-horses and thirty men got together on that ten-acre plot, and how the dirt did fly! I remember this. The change wrought by noontime was enough to baffle one's imagination, and by evening practically the entire ten acres was the level of the table. I think that was one of the most memorable things that happened in the whole county, the way those people, mostly homesteaders, you know, and aggressive—they'd been around and they wanted the finest things.

The workers paused just before dinner [for] the flag-raising ceremony. The entire assemblage, numbering at least 300 ("everybody" was there), grouped around the flag pole, and, at a signal from Taylor, chairman of the day, Old Glory was hauled to

the top of the mast by I. H. Kent, president of the Churchill County Chamber of Commerce.

In one of the speeches when the Harmon District was made, all the speakers lauded the splendid cooperative spirit of the people of Harmon District and predicted that the movement they had started would bring lasting benefits to the settlers of the Truckee-Carson project.

Mr. Farrell said that from his observation the name of the district should be changed by adding a “y”—“Harmony”—which really proved to be a prophecy because it still is a good community district and still does, as I say, make quilts, and they still have their social club, which they are very proud of, their meetings, and I think one of the most outstanding communities in the whole county.

I was thrilled at the camaraderie of the people and their enthusiasm to build for a greater district. That district has maintained its camaraderie. Oh, there have been dissensions, you know, as there always are when there are enthusiastic people working for one thing. There’s always an opposition working in the other direction. But I think that right now the Harmon District is considered one of the best community districts. They have maintained a Harmony Social Club and they have a quilting club where the neighbors go and make quilts and they still give dances, or have until just lately.

What makes this community spirit that they have over there? Well, I would say the tenor of the women and the people who have settled there. One of them is Mrs. W. L. Nygren, who came out to teach this first school and married one of the homesteaders. I remember Mrs. Ayers telling about when she came out—. Her husband had taken up a homestead right next to W. L. Nygren. At that time, there were seventeen

bachelors in the district. Mrs. Nygren taught school for one year and then was married. Annabel Hunter, that was her name when she came out from Minnesota. And then, after marriage, she substituted as a teacher in the Harmon District and helped with the—there weren’t enough pupils for the two grades, so she helped along with the first grade as a substitute teacher. The Nygrens were really one of the strong parts of development of the Harmon District. They have four children. They are Earl Nygren, the oldest son. He and his wife live in Fallon. Ray Nygren, married my husband’s niece, and they live there, and from the homestead they have enlarged their ranch to probably about four eighty-acre homesteads and built a beautiful new home. I mustn’t forget to mention the twin daughters. One is Merle Nygren, who is at St. Mary’s Hospital; she’s the head dietician; and the other is Dr. May Nygren who is teaching in Stillwater, Oklahoma. They have gone on with their education, traveled in Europe, but always come home to their mother and father who they are devoted to. Neither of them is married. But they really have gone on quite far in their education.

The Stillwater School had built and improved their two-room school. The Lone Tree had two, and St. Clair had also. But, as I said, they were loath to come in at the last. One reason was the tax situation, and then the other was the distance, of course. St. Clair was closer in and it was easier for the others. But there were still people in the Harmon District who feel that they ought to.

Much credit is due to Professor E. C. Best who became school superintendent of the Consolidated B in 1924 and successfully led the schools through the difficult years of the Depression, earning the cooperation of his teachers and the respect and admiration of his pupils. He realized that the big two-story



buildings were unfitted for primary grades. West End School had been weakened by earthquakes, so he, with his Board of Trustees, planned the first cottage buildings. This one proved acceptable to the public, and three others were built in place of the two-story buildings which were demolished. The school in the West End and the old high school and the cottage schools were built then.

Professor Best served Consolidated B for twenty years, assisted during all that time by Laura Mills, Florence Richards, Adah Gerjets, Theo Sherman, and Lucy Burton. About 1918, during Professor L. E. McFadden's administration, the parent-teachers association was organized.

In 1905, the people were anxious to start a high school. The population of the town at that time was 350. Senator Warren Williams introduced a bill in the legislature asking permission to issue bonds with which to build a high school in Churchill County. County Commissioners Will Harmon, Fred Wightman, and E. M. Brown were authorized to issue bonds, not to exceed \$10,000, to build a high school building.

In May, 1906, election was held. A bond carried 166 for, and twenty-four against. R. L. Douglass purchased the bond. John Oats donated the site of the building, east of the business district—at present it's the location of the cottage buildings—which, at that time, seemed quite out of town. Roads were unimproved. Interested people raised \$500 for the purpose of improving the roads to the school.

Contractors Orchard and Galloway found it hard to fulfill their contract of completing the school for attendance by September, 1906, because of the difficulty of obtaining lumber at that time, due to the rebuilding of San Francisco after the earthquake of 1906. But the building was completed (but not finished)

and school was opened in the spring of 1907 with a small class.

A money panic at that time made it seem unwise to try to float more bonds to finish the school. Thirty-five hundred dollars was needed to finish the high school and \$2,000 to finish the new West End Grade School. Public-spirited citizens who personally endorsed notes to meet both expenses were W. W. Williams, I. H. Kent, Thomas Dolf, Fred Wightman, R. L. Douglass, Lem Allen, E. S. Harriman, Harvey Burchell, James Smitten, A. R. Jeffrey, and W. C. Grimes. They made it possible to open school on time.

The population of town in 1907 was 1,100. It had grown quite a bit in two years, hadn't it? In October 1907, the town was incorporated, and J. C. Jones became the first mayor. The County Commissioners acting as a high school board selected Miss Grace Moon as principal. She prepared a course similar to that of the University prep school. The University had inaugurated a three-prep school to accommodate the many students throughout the state with no access to a higher education.

The first pupils of the Churchill County High School were Lysle Rushby, Leo Likes, Lester Harriman, Fred Marsh, Alcesta Lowe, and Irma Sturgell. Later in the year, Irving Sanford and Ira Kent, who had been attending the University Prep School, joined the freshman class. Miss Moon was reelected to the high school and joined by Miss Celia F. Haas, who specialized in music and science, and twelve new members were enrolled. A three-year course was completed, and the first class graduated in 1910. Ira L. Kent, who played the cornet solo, Guy Cole, Irving Sanford, Edith Kendrick, and Lester Harriman were the graduates.

Mrs. I. H. Kent and Mrs. M. H. Wallace, mother and sister of Ira L., entertained the

graduating students and teachers and friends at a lawn party at their spacious home on Center Street.

The school was accredited to the University by Professor Minor of the University of Nevada in that year. The fourth year opened with three new teachers, Professor H. C. Fetter of Pennsylvania, Miss Beth M. Portlock of Iowa, and Miss Ernestine Sweet of Canada. Miss Moon had resigned and Miss Haas had not returned. A four-year course was added. A first track meet was a new feature, in which Ira L. Kent won long-distance runner with Mapes Ferguson and Frank Harriman close second. Professor Bray, state superintendent, presented diplomas to Lysle Rushby, Ira Kent, and Marjorie Mead, now Mrs. Art Downs.

In 1916 and 1917, the old high school had outgrown its usefulness and a new one was found to be necessary. As the population grew, so the schools grew. A public meeting was held at that time. Considerable sentiment was expressed in favor of an agricultural school with sufficient grounds—you see, they had the idea of the Harmon District—with ground sufficient for experiment work in order to use the Smith-Hughes appropriation. A plot of thirteen and a half acres of the Verplank addition was bought for \$10,000. A plan was accepted for a \$85,000 high school, which was dedicated March 9, 1918, with A. D. Drumm, Sr., presiding as president of the school board. Attorney A. L. Haight and Dr. F. E. Nichols were the other members. Deputy superintendent Chauncy Smith gave an address on education and congratulated the pupils and teachers on the privilege of working in such fine surroundings. President Walter Clark of the University of Nevada spoke, and Sam Belford gave the closing address. The evening was finished by dancing in the auditorium.

Next, Professor L. A. Pringle served as principal for two years, and Miss Clara E. Balmat was elected to that position.

In 1922, Professor George McCracken was persuaded by the county board to resign his position as superintendent, or deputy superintendent of instruction, and accept the principalship of the high school—a difficult position at that time due to the rapidly growing student body.

In 1923, school was forced to expand and \$65,000 was spent in added rooms. At that dedication, Honorable E. A. Ducker, chief justice of the supreme court, delivered the main address. The whole building was thrown open to the public and lunch was served in the domestic science room. Athletics were important at that time, especially as the basketball team became champions, and football also.

The E. C. Best Junior High School bond was floated for \$650,000 in 1961, and the school was dedicated September, 1962. It has twenty-seven classrooms, library, multi-purpose room, and gym, seventh grades to the ninth, [and] offices.

Now, in 1965, bonds were floated for \$200,000 for an addition to the high school. It has three science rooms, a library, a study center, offices, and workrooms, conference room, audio-visual room, and study hall, boys and girls restrooms. The district has thirty-one buses and a total of 1,585 students riding in those buses at present.

#### **CHURCHES AND EARLY SOCIAL ACTIVITIES**

I was going to mention the different churches. Churches were erected in the Fallon area in the following order: Baptist, Methodist, Episcopal, Seventh Day Adventist, Catholic, and Mormon. The Advent church



was started first in the county, in the St. Clair District, and was a social center as well as a religious center.

Weddings and funerals and gatherings of any kind were events to which nearly everyone went. All the events in those days were in the nature of community projects, and if a church needed new carpet or repairs or anybody needed help, they didn't consider the faith, just the need, and helped by baking for bake-sales, selling for fancy work, and put on home-talent plays to raise money.

Jake Allen played the violin and was much in demand for dances and entertainments.

Just south of the home ranch, there was a big cluster of trees where they had the Fourth of July celebration and they built a big platform on it there. I was wondering what they ever did with all those trees. They must've had to take them out. They're all gone now. But I have a memory of that.

And I have a memory, one time, when they were at the Vaughn place (that was a dance hall and kind of an entertainment). That was south of the ranch, too. And I used to speak pieces all the time. So I had been to one of them that my aunt had taken me down and brought me home, and there were about fifteen or twenty of their friends sitting at this long table after, and they had oyster soup.... Oh, I just thought that that was the best thing, and it was so pleasant, and everybody standing there, and everybody kind of making over me. But they had good times in those days! You know, they entertained just like we do—in a different way of course, in a harder way. They had to do a lot of work.

They used to have beauty contests too. There was a contest once, I remember, between Minnie Theelen and Bess (or Lizzie) Allen. It was to determine which was the most beautiful young lady, and it seems that

Minnie won out, though both of them were very good-looking, both Minnie Theelen and Bess, later Bess Coniff, but then called Lizzie Allen.

In those days, they had picnics and parties and spelling bees at the schoolhouse, and dances that lasted three days. And they would go down to Stillwater, I think Stillwater was fifteen miles from the post office. Stillwater was made the county seat in 1868 and was the scene of early-day community activities. Fourth of July celebrations and rodeo were outstanding.

The Old River, New River, and St. Clair residents drove in wagons and rode horseback, used to drive the fifteen miles to Stillwater for two and three day celebrations. They would drive down and dance until twelve or one o'clock. Mrs. Sanford ran a hotel there, and the ladies would go in one room and all sleep, and the men in another, and then they'd start dancing again, I guess, the next day, eat, and they had real jolly times.

I remember in my day, when I was teaching at Derby, we used to dance up at Olinghouse. We'd drive in the horse and buggy, go to Olinghouse and dance all night, and come home the next day and then rest. I'd go to bed at seven o'clock that night and get up and teach school Monday morning. Feel fine. I used to dance all night, mind you. That took a lot of energy. But now people think they're terrible if they go on all night.

Now I contacted some people. I contacted Mrs. George B. Williams. I want her to be in my history. She was a social leader, and she's ninety years old and sitting in a wheelchair and very charming. She was...with a red velvet robe on, and her hair was done nicely and lipstick on. But she couldn't remember any dates. I can get the dates from her daughter, Genevieve, which I haven't been able to do.

She's working at the TCID now. But she remembers a lot of the parties that she had at her lovely home.

The masquerade parties that she used to give—she'd have ten and twelve couples, and they all came in different costumes. That seemed to stand out in her mind more than the others, though she had as many as, oh, ten and twelve tables of bridge at a big party. In those days that's what they used to do. Now it's hard to take care of a couple of tables.

There are several country clubs that are working. Of course, I talked about the Harmony Social Club. And then there's a country club in Stillwater, the Stillwater Friendly Club. And the Good Will Club in the Soda Lake District. And the Northam has a club. We had a St. Clair Club, but there was so many people that came with their children and all, that it was just a job to take care of them.

We belonged to a dancing club. We had a group that we called the "Cattle Bunch." There are seven or eight couples who had gone to dances together for years and had parties together, and then who joined the "Mr. and Mrs. Club." About twenty-three years ago, the "Mr. and Mrs. Club" was formed. It gives a dance once a month during the wintertimes. And four or five of the couples entertain. But as new members come in, the older members have all kind of resigned. There's only one or two of the originals that still remain. We still kind of cling together. A good many of us have lost our husbands, but always on New Year's we go down to Dick Bass's to celebrate Dick and Stella Bass's wedding anniversary.

Several of the husbands have gone now. But those who are left, whenever there is anybody who passes on, why, we take up collections and send flowers, and have done it through the years. But, as I say, we're kind of disbanding as the years go.

And the card clubs; there was a Wednesday Bridge Club of the older people which was considered one of the best, and the Society Bridge Club, which used to have three tables. But it has disbanded. The Camaraderies, which has been having their meetings for the last twenty years, still plays and I play in that. We have two tables. And then there's the Entre Nous club, which meets on Monday, which I play in, and a birthday club that entertains for the members' birthdays and plays cards also.

### **THE LIBRARY**

I just read where the Friends of the Library have succeeded in getting money from the Max Fleischmann Foundation, with a supplementary allocation by the Library Service and Construction Act for the construction of a new Churchill County Library. The new library will replace the rented store building which has served the county with a reading room since 1932.

The first library in Fallon was a reading room established by Mrs. George B. Williams and some of her friends in the Commercial Club in 1915. In 1918, the Draper Club resumed responsibility. In 1920, the city took over and moved it to the rear of the Woodliff Building. In 1925, state law made it possible for the counties to support local libraries, and by 1932, the commission had rented the present place, a space to be vacated soon for the new library.

The new library will be built at a cost of \$179,256 with the Fleischmann Foundation supplying \$111,208; federal funds, under the LSCA, \$65,548; Churchill County Friends of the Library, \$1,500; and the Fallon Sorooptimist Club, \$1,000. It will be erected on a half-acre lot on a corner site at South Maine and East Virginia Street which the Churchill County Commissioners purchased for \$16,000. Mr.

Bill Davis, speaking for the entire library board, whose members are Mrs. E. S. Berney, Mr. E. S. Berney, Jr., Mrs. Herb 6?) Austin, Mrs. B. A. Bowden, and Mrs. Jack Ross, feels that it is a successful culmination of a two-year effort by the library board, Friends of the Library, and the energetic effort of Mrs. Doris Whit, the present county librarian.

Just the other day, July 24, 1966, a tribute to her status as a charter member of the PEO, Chapter D, and in recognition of her outstanding services to so many people in countless ways in Fallon, Laura Mills was honored at the West End multi-purpose room from two to five p.m. The mayor even proclaimed the day "Laura Mills Day." That Mayor Tedford had been one of her pupils. There were over 375 friends who came to honor her. Mrs. Thomas Kent narrated a program that presented "This is Your Life," which included a large cast of her friends. Refreshments were served by the PEO committee consisting of Mesdames Robert Kent, Margaret Kent, Virgil Getto, Frank Walquist, Kenneth Kent, and Laverne Howard, and the Misses Ellen Mills and Hattie Brown. Mrs. John McCormick was the general chairman.

This was a splendid honor given to a very deserving person who loved flowers and beautiful things and was gifted in the taking of photography. She was always ready to help in any kind of entertainment with her colored slides of Nevada flowers.

She taught school in Fallon for many years and retired in 1953, but continues to teach Sunday School and help young people whenever she can.

The PEO was organized in Fallon in 1928, and is considered one of the superior social clubs. All the relations are taken in. I mean, like Margaret Kent was one of the first ones. All of her daughters-in-law have

become members. And Florence Wallace was one of the charter members, too. And then Miss Hattie Brown was a member, and she took in her niece, Mrs. Virgil Getto. It has a membership of twenty or so. It's a social as well as literary (club)—like in Reno.

## ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENTS

Minnie Blair came to Fallon in 1924 with her husband who was cashier of the Churchill County Bank, bought the ranch that they now live on from Mr. George Wingfield who had taken over the place from a mortgage. They started raising turkeys in 1924 with sixteen or twenty-two, increased that to three hundred and finally twenty-five hundred. Shipped them to every state in the Union and Hawaii.

Fallon was famous for its turkeys in the early 'twenties and for its Hearts of Gold cantaloupes—important industries for years, but they have dwindled down to a minimum of production to date. Can't hardly get a fresh turkey any more.

Mrs. Blair started the Spudnut in August, 1949, the hospitality center where friends meet other friends and get good food. Helen (her daughter) and her husband came in 1952. She lost Mr. Blair in 1953, but Helen and husband, J. E. "Bill" Millward, run the restaurant now, though she still keeps her hand in. She makes the pies and she collects the money and she is hostess to everyone. She's very outspoken and has opinions of her own and doesn't mind voicing them.

Now there are several restaurants here. The Farm House was quite famous, up here eight miles from Fallon, run by a man named Jones and was quite famous for his broiled steaks. He did the cooking, and it was remarkable what a good business he did. People came from Reno and Carson and all over. When he passed away, his wife tried to

run it for awhile, but she couldn't. Nobody could cook steaks like he did, evidently.

And then there's the Stockman's, which is a good restaurant. And Lino's is a very good place. All on the Reno highway as you go out that way.

The Churchill Hotel was one of the first built. And then the Overland. The Churchill has been demolished, but the Overland still stands and the Commercial Hotel still stands.

There have been several very nice motels built, the Lariat and Travel Lodge among the best. They have television and are air-cooled. There's one that's just been built across from Mr. Blair's, the Ranch Motel, which looks like a very nice place with modern improvements.

Churchill County has been mostly agriculture, but there have been a few things that could be called industries.

There was a flour mill that was very useful. It was on the Ferguson ranch, and it was built by William R. Lee in 1882. Lee owned the ranch just east of there. He ran the mill for years. Other owners were Wright, Dildine, Charles Verplank, and Joe Cushman. Farmers took their wheat there and had it ground into flour. Allen Inman owned and ran it from 1904 until 1919, when a promoter, now his name was McCall, started in 1915 by selling shares to the farmers in the Fallon Flour Mill (we bought a hundred shares, my husband and I) to start the mill in Fallon, which accommodated the county for years until it was sold to the I. H. Kent Company. In 1955, the I. H. Kent Company had bought stocks and took the Fallon Flour Mill over.

Now I wanted to say a little something about Soda Lake. It is really one of the mysteries of Churchill County. It's a little known soda source, once busy (this is recalled) The material, once used in mining operations on the Comstock Lode, was also

shipped to the bay city from these two lakes. There was "Big Lake" and "Little Lake" from this paper that my friend wrote. She says that they visited it and they recalled, "There were two lakes, we were told, one larger than the other, separated by a narrow rim, and called deliciously by the old-timers "Big Sody" and "Little Sody." This was owned and operated by the firm of Epperson and Griswold." My Aunt Bess married Ralph Fortune, who was the manager in 1902 of the Big Soda Lake, and was a nephew of Epperson.

The lake was discovered in 1855 by Asa Kenyon and its salt content was noted then. Many San Francisco firms had ownership from Kenyon and from 1868 to 1893, about 300 to 500 tons of soda were dried in kilns (I guess that was the way it was done), then it was used in making soap, paper, calico printing, bleach, dye, yeast powder and washing soda.

In 1881 it was estimated there was about two million tons of soda available through the solar drying system. The original rim of the lake stretched almost 3,000 feet across, and the high volcanic bluffs surrounding it was another thousand feet wider. It was first noticed that the lake was rising after 1905 when the original irrigation project came into this valley. The company that was running it then sued the Newlands Project, and the Newlands Project (drilled) any number of wells. They couldn't prove that it was the water that was raising that level. But they were sued, and they went to quite a bit of expense. I think they dug 150 wells surrounding it there.

There used to be nice, cool springs on the outside of Soda Lake where people went and picnicked. We used to picnic up there all the time. And then on the outside, to the east, there seemed to be some hot springs, and there was kind of a big place there where you

could go and sit and take a steam bath. We went up there. My husband kind of believed in that, and we used to go up there once in a while. Someday I believe that may be developed into quite something.

In the paper June 14, 1907,

Churchill County's greatest natural wonder, the Soda Lake, has risen some three feet in the last few months, and is at a stage fourteen inches higher than was ever known before. The only cause attributed was the newly constructed irrigation system which runs lateral within a short distance of the lake in many instances. As a result of the high water, the Griswold Soda Works has suspended operation, and should the water continue to rise, the present plant, valued at thousands of dollars, will have to be abandoned. The gradual rise of the water has inundated half of the vat, and another foot will suffice to cover the available land adjoining the lake, which will make necessary some other method of treating the water. Soda Lake is voted by all who see it one of the greatest natural wonders of the world. Someday it will be valued chiefly as a bathing and pleasure resort.

That was predicted by the *Standard* in 1907. It continued to rise. It covered all the springs; it covered the vats, the cookhouse and corrals, the barns and the chicken houses. The trees were the last to go. At last they too disappeared.

In 1905, the desert surrounding Soda Lake was open for settlement, and the Newlands irrigation system built. Soda Lake became the playground for the whole valley,

including the growing town of Fallon. It was the destination of picnic parties, horseback rides, Fourth of July celebrations, and Sunday excursions. We used to go up there—about eight or ten couples on horseback—and take our lunches. Maybe a couple would go in a horse and buggy and take the lunches, and we'd go swimming. People came from miles around in wagons, buggies, buckboards, and on horseback with their families and picnic lunches. They drank water from the ice cold springs, made sandwiches from the watercress growing around then, and visited the soda plant. Green grass also flourished around the springs, excellent spots for spreading the cloth for the picnic lunches. To people living on the desert, a place of this kind means a great deal. And it seems to me that they're going to have to develop Soda Lake more than—of course Lahontan Reservoir wasn't in evidence then: But I think the commissioners are doing something, spending a little money to try to bring that.. .of course, the water has come up so that it's hard to get down to it, but with a little construction work, they can make a place where people can go. Or make a beach somehow. Well, this is the prediction, anyway, in the paper, that someday they will make something of it. It really gives you a kind of awe-inspiring feeling when you drive out there over that desert and see that blue water. And, you know, you can't sink in it. It would make a wonderful swimming place, I should think. I'm sure some engineering people could make a resort out of it, somehow or other. But, of course, it would take quite a bit of money, and you can't get boats on it. Another thing, it is just a regular nesting place for ducks; hundreds of ducks go there every fall. But you know you can't shoot them because you can't get them, you can't get in to get them. There's no use in shooting them,



and I guess they know it because my cousin said that there are thousands of ducks there in the fall. They go up there to kind of hide away, maybe!

### FALLON'S TELEPHONE SYSTEM

I'd like to mention our telephone system also. The growth of the Fallon telephone system has been remarkable. There is a great controversy over it now, whether it should be sold or not. The proposition is to be voted on this fall. The Churchill County telephone and telegraph system was bought by the county in 1889 for \$975, and now it may soon be sold for nearly three million dollars. It is the only county-owned system of its kind in the United States. One reason for the sale, and one argument for the sale, is the need for the revenue to build new schools and a courthouse, which would be very commendable. The sale would undoubtedly mean improvement in the service. The service in the rural areas should be improved by recent advances in communications, so the manager, Rogers, says now, but it would mean a cost of more than a million dollars.

Some complain that a rate increase would be sure to become effective, but Mr. Rogers thinks the increase would probably be insignificant compared to the improvements; and for the county to have to borrow a million and improve it.... They have gone in debt and improved it a great deal as it is.

The system began as a telegraph line linking Virginia City with mining camps to the East. It ran along the Carson River through Stillwater. When the mines failed, Western Union decided to close the lines down. Churchill County bought the lines for \$975. For ten years it was the only telegraph line from Stillwater to Virginia City. Then, as the area grew, they put in

crank telephones, and the Virginia City terminus was transferred to Wadsworth. There it was linked with another line giving Churchill County direct contact with the outside world. The company now operates out of headquarters on West Williams Avenue and at the Naval Air Station. Its lines serve an area of 800 square miles. In addition to its telephone service, it is a vital link to the coast-to-coast commercial air traffic corridor. A "blip" on the radar screens at the Fallon Naval Air Station is seen on other screens at the air traffic control in Fremont, California. This allows the commercial airliners to be controlled from the ground even at today's jet speeds. All these improvements have been made at a great expense to the county.

One of the improvements which I enjoy, and which I think is quite miraculous, is dialing one-one-five and getting the voice to tell me just what the time is and just what the temperature is. It's become mechanical. At first it used to be a telephone girl that answered, but now they have put in a mechanical device that answers just automatically. I call them up quite often, and I call her "Blabmouth." We have quite a joke about it.

I can't understand why anybody would be against the sale of that telephone company. It is so tremendous, and it would be such a wonderful thing for Fallon to be able to build their...[new schools and courthouse].

Carl Dodge says,

I favor the sale of the telephone system and have so stated publicly. Private, rather than public ownership, is a better medium for future operation.

He's our senator.

Conducting a technical and challenging business is not one of

the intended functions of a public board such as our board of county commissioners.

I can understand that.

There is more concentrated and extensive management and planning, greater flexibility and financing, and planning for expansion and improvement, and contributions of people with specialized talents not available in our small local system, but a far more important reason for sale is the benefit to the taxpayers.

Which I see. But why...! Some of my neighbors are really working against it. They say that the increase in the monthly rate would offset our tax help. But I can't see it.

Available funds from the sale of the system would solve the problem of financing county-wide capital improvements for at least a generation or so without burden to the property taxpayer. In addition, if the phone system were privately owned, we would have in the range of \$30,000 to \$50,000 of new tax revenue annually for operation of schools and county and city government. This revenue contribution would increase as the phone system grew and enhance in value to the continued benefit of taxpayers.

The county telephone—it's not taxed now—pays no taxes.

One of the reasons we have a valuable asset in the phone system is that as public owners we have

never taken any money out of our tax, permitted earnings to be used for expansion and improvement. The sale of the phone system is estimated to net \$3,250,000 after paying for the phone company bonds which arose. From this amount the county commissioners would be permitted to spend up to \$850,000 for a new courthouse and jail complex. Also the school district would be permitted to place \$400,000 of the proceeds into a fund to finance the units of a new elementary school. The two million dollars remaining would be placed in a capital improvement fund.

Doesn't that sound like it would be a fine thing for Churchill County?

The interest from this fund, around \$90,000 a year at present rates, would be used by the county commissioners for capital improvements only. Any proposal to use the principal of this fund for future capital improvements would be subject to a vote of the people. No part of the money, either principal or interest, could be used for operation and maintenance items. This is as it should be. The phone system is a capital asset and proceeds of the sales should be used only for other capital assets.\*

So I hope that the hard decision voters normally have to make about capital improvements is whether they can afford the additional tax burden even recognizing the need. That decision is not necessary here. Of

---

\**Fallon Eagle-Standard*, August 22, 1965



course, we need a new courthouse and all, but it sounds to me like that would be a very good thing.

### **THE NEWLANDS PROJECT**

The building of the Lahontan Dam and the canals of the Newlands Project was one of the most interesting projects of Churchill County in my lifetime. Over 300 men, hundreds of horses and steam power worked steadily to complete the dam which was started in 1911. A hydraulic electric plant was built to furnish the power for construction work, and light buildings.

The Derby Dam and canal were built in 1905 and '06, and the first water turned down to the district in 1906.

Some of the old-timers and a good many of the homesteaders were disillusioned, as it did not always come up to their expectations. The homesteaders had a hard time getting their crops to bear as wind blew seeds out of the sandy land. But there were a great many who succeeded.

Mr. Swingle, who taught school at Hazen while he developed his ranch in the Northam district to a regular showplace, which was afterwards named after him as Swingle Bench, put in a wonderful orchard and raised fine crops of all kinds.

The old-timers had hard luck, too. When the water was first turned in, I remember my Uncle Lem cut ten bents of hay one year and only one bent the next year due to the fact that he couldn't get water to irrigate.

Much controversy has taken place since Lahontan Dam was built as to whether it was a success or not, but, of course, we know that the progress and the building up of Fallon and Churchill County is due a great deal to the success of the Newlands Project. We have the Nevada State Experimental Farm here, too, with John McCormick being the head of it.

In June, 1915, a congressional investigating committee on appropriations visited Lahontan Dam. The dam was completed and carried 55,000 acre feet of water. Disputes over the use of the water and the opening of new lands filled the newspapers. Some thought the project a failure, that the Reclamation Service had duped the people with false advertising.

Then, too was the problem of drainage. In 1915, there were 2,000 persons on over 500 farms comprising almost 40,000 acres, and a great deal of their land had receded in production due to the seepage of the canals running full of water through the district. They voted two-to-one on a drainage system which would add \$9.00 construction costs. The price of hay was around \$8.00 and the production not too large. After the tour was taken, the maximum storage of Lahontan was 87,120 acre-feet. The Truckee-Carson adjudication suit was under way and hadn't been settled, and wasn't settled for many years. Nine hundred miles of distribution system was in at that time. Right now, this state controversy still continues. The Bureau of Reclamation officials have been discussing the rehabilitation of the old project. They figure it would take about \$2,500,000.00 to be paid on an interest-free basis.

The TCID canal delivers water to about 61,000 acres of land under cultivation, transporting 400,000 acre-feet of water annually. Also, by virtue of its contract, the TCID is custodian of the sixty-four acres of valuable lake-front land in the vicinity of Lake Tahoe, which had been owned by the Bureau since the inception of the Newlands Project, which is now valued at a million and a half dollars. The TCID now has the property released to several—they were custodians of it, oh, it's a big mix-up—private enterprises including a bank, a church, and a trailer court. The salvage water of the TCID is diverted to

community pasture south of the project and to the Stillwater Wildlife Management Area in the northwest. And now the [Bureau of] Reclamation wants to take that away from the TCID and give it to the Wildlife.

There is much controversy over the area now as a task force is recommending that the area be withdrawn from the custody of the TCID and turned over to the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service for waterfowl conservation. The task force came up with the report two years ago with the obvious conclusion that natural supplies of the Truckee and Carson rivers are not adequate to meet prospective demands of water. The utmost in water conservation and compromise, it is noted, will be necessary to ease the inadequacy. It seems to me that the Newlands Project, started in 1915, should have the seniority and priority of use and development of the water rights over all other contestants. That's my opinion. And, as Mr. Phil Hibel said, a charge was made that, "the Newlands Irrigation Project was wasting ten times more water than would be exported from the basin as treated effluent..." by Price, Stateline Regional Deputy Director of the California Department of Water Resources. Project manager Phil Hibel, Truckee-Carson Irrigation District, answered the charge... saying that, "the district had met its obligations since it assumed the cost in 1926. These obligations were met in spite of the adversities of drought, national financial depression, earthquake, and flood." And that, "the district had operated the Newlands Project in full accordance with the 1926 contract and the 1944 Truckee River Decree."

Hibel agreed that there was, "considerable loss of water in transportation through the Newlands Project canal system." They say there's 50,000 acre-feet in evaporation in those canals from Derby down. But the TCID canal system is becoming more efficient with the use

of concrete ditching. He noted, however, that most of this water is recaptured and used in the district community pasture, the Stillwater Fish and Wildlife Area, the Fish and Game Fernley Marsh Area and the Pyramid Indian irrigation right.

Price had said that:

the Federal Government has an obligation to eliminate wasteland use of water within the Newlands Project and if this were done, effluent could be exported from the Lake Tahoe Basin without adversely affecting rights to use of water in the areas that are dependent upon water from Lake Tahoe or the Truckee River.\*

So that's the argument now, and it seems as though they argue, and I don't see why a new administration should change things once the contract is made.

### FALLON NAVAL AIR STATION

I was going to talk about the air base which has been a wonderful thing to develop Churchill County. During World War II, the U. S. Naval Auxiliary Air Station was first commissioned on June 10, 1944. The Fallon area was chosen for its excellent flying weather, the large uninhabited area available for gunnery ranges, and the fact that some construction had already been started.

I boarded a young sailor and his wife and child during that time. He had just come from the *Constitution* and was so anxious to be with his wife and child. I remember that he enjoyed eating very much, and often enjoyed a couple of steaks at a time. Oh, he liked meat.

---

\* The *Fallon Citizen*, July 21, 1966.

When the war ended in '46 the station was placed on an inactive basis and turned over to Churchill County and the Indian Service. Now that was a terrible waste and a terrible calamity. Buildings and equipment disappeared and many improvements dismantled. The swimming pool became a pig-sty. It seems to me that the government could have dismantled that in a mannerly way and gotten a little money out of it.

On October 1, 1953, Fallon was recommissioned as an auxiliary station to NAS Moffat Field, California under control of the commander, naval air bases, Twelfth Naval District, located aboard the Naval Air Station Alameda.

They say Fallon has the best flying weather in all the West.

Five million dollars was appropriated for the launching of a new permanent air station. It added much to the economy and prosperity and growth of Churchill County.

And it really has.

November 1, 1960, the field was dedicated to the late commander, Bruce Van Voorhees, a former resident of Fallon and a congressional Medal of Honor winner.

We were invited out to that. We were friends of his mother, Mrs. Van Voorhees.

It also marked the completion of a new 14,000 foot runway, the longest in the navy anywhere in the world. The station area is 6,963 acres

and includes seventy-seven units of public quarters, fifty units of Title No. 3 housing, 106 new units of [other] housing.

There are also two air ranges, I think, four man-ground targets, one unmanned B-1 range, and two close air support targets. Millions of dollars are spent in developing and maintaining this air base which is really a big boost in the Fallon economy.

### **“OIL BOOMS”**

We've had two oil booms—one about 1927. “Wild cat boomers” are really sincere in believing that they will find oil. And they come and they want you to sign up your land. Well, we have just had the worst time They just almost force you to—They just insist on you signing your land and.... We have never signed up an acre. And in 1960, the second boom, they did the same thing.

During the first boom this company, it was Churchill County Oil Drilling, I think, drilled down on George B. Williams' ranch. And then another on the Branch and McLean ranch and another ranch....

They drilled over here on The Chet Williams' place. The well still stays there. The Kelso Oil Drilling Company—I'm sure Mr. Kelso was sincere in believing that they would find oil here. And I believe some day they might. There must be some. Of course, there's no need for it now. They're finding it out in the eastern part of the state. And the fact that they have those big salt wells, you know, those big salt mines just east of Fallon, would give one the belief. And then, some think that Soda Lake is some kind of an oil pool. Others say it's just an open crater, and that's the reason they'll never find oil here. The volcano had disrupted and left it. Well,

you can see that “whatever” volcano; it’s along the north part as you go out through the valley where it has split the rock.

We have several wells on the ranch, one where our cattle corral is. The man who dug that well insisted that we have oil there. He found shells and it is a formation different from the other hills. It’s a raised formation. The other hills on the ranch are blown-in sand hills.

My uncle remembers when several of the places where there’s sand hills now, were level. And so there may be some time when they may really find oil. I suppose in the next twenty years or so they’ll have another [oil boom.]

There might have been another boom in between those times. They say there’s an oil boom every twenty years. I know that we have never signed up any land, or any leases. You see, that’s the thing that they want to do in order to get a company to come in. They want all the land leased. We just don’t want to sign up. As I said before, we invested every cent we made into developing our land and improving the methods of putting up the crops to advantage.

I must not forget to mention the buckberries gathered years ago and made into jelly and pies; they grew wild in profusion on the big gray buckbushes. They used to be gathered by our people and by the Indians by putting big canvases under the trees and hitting the bushes and the berries would fall off. The berries are about the size of currants, and they had to be real ripe to fall off, but they made the best jelly and made very good pies. Of course, it took a lot of sugar, but they have a distinct taste. It has been years since I have seen buckberries, but this year, I went to the ranch and stopped the car suddenly, and there the bushes were loaded with buckberries. I can’t understand the phenomenon that would

cause that, because I would have noticed them before had they come. This has been an unusually dry year. Some of the people I’ve talked to about it said that probably the birds had eaten them before. The birds ate them this year, too, but they hadn’t eaten them before I noticed them. My little grandson went out and gathered these berries, and I made that little bit of jelly. Buckberries were really quite a help to the economy of the people because you didn’t have to buy fruit. And I can remember even after I was married we used to get them; they were quite in profusion.



---

## MY OWN STORY

Now the early years of my life were quite confused what with moving from one place to another. I was born on the ranch I live on now February 22, 1890. My family was disrupted by divorce in 1895, and I and my two brothers and little sister Alma went to live with Grandma and Grandpa on their home ranch. Aunt Daisy, Uncle Lem and Aunt Bess were still living at home so we, though a little crowded, were well looked after, especially by Aunt Daisy.

In 1897, my father married Clara McGrath, a widow from Pennsylvania with a son and daughter. She had come out with her father, Ben Thornton, to a mining camp at White Cloud. We all lived on the ranch which my dad owned for a year, but my step-mother didn't like ranch life so my dad sold the ranch to my Uncle Charlie and moved to Wadsworth to buy a livery stable. He ran the stage line which ran from Wadsworth to Stillwater, and took care of the horses that were driven from the surrounding country overnight, and rented out horses and buggies to people who wanted to take rides and go places. And we

happened to be fortunate enough to have a horse and buggy of our own. As children, we used to drive around. You know, at that time, I never was a very good driver. I was always taking off the corners. I used to laugh...an old white horse by the name of Jeff. But it was quite a thing in those days to have that horse and buggy, you know, driving around.

We had a big two-story house in the northeast end of the town and a couple of lots where we kept a cow. It was fixed up quite comfortable, with the big parlor, and living room, dining room, kitchen, bedrooms downstairs, and four bedrooms upstairs. Later Grandma and Grandpa Thornton, my step-mother's mother and father, built an apartment on the north side of the house, and came to live with us and help take care of the six children. Grandpa helped Dad run the livery stable.

Those seven or eight years in Wadsworth had many pleasant memories and good times. My step-mother was a beautiful woman and very classy. She was a leader in the Episcopal Church, an Eastern Star, and enjoyed card

clubs and going with the finest people. She liked to train the children in elocution and singing, and we took music lessons from Lillian Kaiser Esden, who took milk in exchange, and lived a block to the southwest of us. I often delivered the milk, night and morning, and was so thrilled at being able to take music.

We children were in all the entertainments and church affairs, spoke pieces, and my step-sister, who was just four months younger than I, with long black curls—just a beautiful child—singing duets, and my sister dancing and singing. She often dressed us in pretty matching dresses (she was really an extravagant woman, but just the same it was a lovely time) for the season, especially my sister Bessie and I, and often she dressed the three of us alike. We had pictures taken of all of us.

We were baptized in the Episcopal Church, and we girls belonged to the King's Daughters. That was an association for young children led then by a lovely older lady, Mrs. Aston. We had religious meetings, and gathered flowers for unknown graves at Decoration time. She was an inspiration to me and impressed me with religion very much. I read all of the Elsie Dinsmore and Louisa May Alcott books and tried to pattern myself after Elsie.

Then I remember the dancing school in Wadsworth for the young people when I was about twelve or fourteen. They must have had about fifty or sixty young people in the dancing school run by a man by the name of Ford. He gave parties at the end of the month and taught us to dance the heel and toe, and the waltz, and the two-step, and the circle dance.

There was a big high footbridge over the railroad tracks in Wadsworth. The business part of Wadsworth was on the south side of the bridge and railroad, and the residential part on the north side as was a large community

hall, stage and dance hall. We were practicing a drill for some occasion once in 1900, around that time when the business part of the town had a tremendous fire. Remember they said it was started by a Chinese cook making doughnuts and the grease had spilled over. I remember that just as plain as though it were yesterday. We girls had paper dresses on for the drill and were kept close to the hall for fear of catching on fire. Of course, I suppose that's why I remember it.

That footbridge was a bugbear to me, and I was scared to death to go over it as long as I can remember. I must have been allergic to heights. It was great big, and you went way up high. I never went but that I was shaking.

My birthday being on February 22 was always celebrated by a big party. A neighboring girl, Florence Cook's birthday was also on that same day, so the two families celebrated together and invited everyone in the neighborhood and the grades at school. Lots of times there were as many as fifty and sixty girls and boys at the party.

Wadsworth was a terminal railroad town, quite a thriving town, and second only to Reno in population at that time, in that part of the state. We had sports competitions and declamation contests and considered Reno our arch enemy. How I hated 'em

I was in a declamation contest once, but Clara Day, a young lady a couple of years older, won first place over me. I spoke "Asleep at the Switch." I took elocution lessons from Mrs. Brady, but the piano was my great love and the thing I was most devoted to.

In 1901, while I was spending the summer with Grandma Allen on the ranch, my father's livery stable burned down and was rebuilt in a temporary manner as the town of Wadsworth was being prepared to be moved twenty-five miles west by the Southern Pacific Railroad to Sparks.



During the years I was ten to twelve years old, 1899 and 1902, I was stricken with periodic sick spells, vomiting and fever and sometimes fainting. I would be out of school for a week or so at a time and doctored for constipation and given diets and physic to take care of the vomiting. Then, finally, in August of 1902, when I was twelve years old, I was taken very ill with continual vomiting and pain in my right side. Dr. Washington Lincoln Kistler, our physician at that time, diagnosed it as an acute case of appendicitis, one of the first cases at that time in our vicinity. He put me on a gelatin, or Jello, diet, which subsided the vomiting, and advised that I be taken to Sacramento to be operated on by Dr. Duffisy and Cox in the St. Mary's Hospital. I was taken down on the train, arriving in Sacramento at two o'clock and operated on immediately, found to have had a ruptured appendix and my life was in danger. Luckily an abscess had formed, and a second operation was necessary nine days after. The incision at that time was not sewed up, as it is now, or drained by a tube, but continually dressed with gauze, taken out and refreshed every morning—it was like being operated on again—which was a very painful and trying affair. I was in the hospital for over five weeks, then taken home to remain recuperating for another month. I remember I had to learn to walk again. Everyone was kind to me, though. I remember the sisters at the hospital impressed me so much that at that time I decided to become a nun.

Then the talk that Wadsworth was to be moved that had been rumored for twenty-five years began to be realized and materialized. The tracks being built to make a straight route to Reno were finished and the spring or summer of 1904, Wadsworth was literally moved to its new location in Sparks, the site named for the then governor, Sparks.

The Reclamation Act had been made law in 1902. And in 1903, Congress authorized the construction of five water conservation projects in the Western United States. One of these was the Truckee-Carson project, later named, in 1919, the Newlands Project for the Senator who sponsored it. I believe my grandfather Lem Allen was also instrumental in getting this project started. Now I want this verified, and I think it can be. When he was in the legislature in 1899 or 1901, he was commissioned by the leading men in the community to pass a bill in the legislature to bond the county to build a dam at the place of the present Lahontan Dam, but the bill was defeated. Now my cousin, Lem S. Allen, says that that bill was shown to him, and I remember them saying that he was appointed to...but that was the bill that he was appointed to do, but it was defeated.

He was elected lieutenant governor on Sparks' ticket in 1902 and though history to date has not given him any credit, Senator Key Pittman in a speech in Fallon during the year of 1936 said that Lahontan Dam was Lem Allen's brainchild as he first envisioned its building.

One of the saddest times in my life was when we moved from my beloved Wadsworth, "Deserted Village of the Plain", and I likened it to Washington Irving's "Deserted Village," to Hazen which was considered by me the most horrible place in the world.

The first Hazen was a stop on the railroad with a boxcar for a railroad station. Carl Hollingsworth was railroad agent and Jay Cox the assistant. It was started in 1904 to accommodate the continuing growth of the surrounding country due to construction of the seventeen-mile canal from Derby to the proposed Lahontan Dam. This canal was dug out with a steam shovel and smoothed up by men with four-horse Fresnos. This project

and the building of the Derby Dam entailed the labor of many, many men.

The railroad was also building a spur from Hazen to Fallon. And in about 1906, the mining camps were discovered in Fairview. So there were lots of riff-raff from all over the country around. In 1905 and 1906 Hazen was really a booming town with teamsters, three or four teamsters with sixty head of horses. Sometimes there were fifty or sixty head of horses in our corrals in Hazen to load up supplies and take them to Fallon, from Hazen to the then growing town of Fallon, center for the building of the Truckee-Carson Project.

From 1904 to 1906 when the first Hazen was moved to last Hazen, the now Hazen, by the railroad to make a stopover from Tonopah Railroad.... The first railroad stop, Hazen, in 1905 was considered the wildest, wickedest place in the West. My father had built a sort of a hotel of rough lumber, never painted, on the south side of the railroad, and my step-mother's father, Ben Thornton, had built a nicer place on the north side a year later. A couple blocks to the west of our place there were seventeen saloons in one long row. Here the Saturday night worshippers came to spend their hard-earned money, often getting knocked in the head and dumped in the cellar when too drunk. They would return to work the next Monday with empty pockets, but return again the next Saturday. So I guess they liked it. You know, it's remarkable how many thousands of people there were at that time that enjoyed that.

My one consolation at that time in the move from Wadsworth to Hazen was my piano, which I had learned to love and for which I took correspondence lessons while I was in Hazen in music. I played all the popular songs and often in the evening the young men from the government offices came up and

sang and we all enjoyed music. These young men were all very fine young gentlemen and were very respectful and pleasant to my sister and myself.

There were also a very fine class of people passing through Hazen at that time. Engineers and office men for the government and mining engineers also. I remember one man especially. A big man by the name of Massey, who was on the contracting business for building the Derby Dam. And he always brought a five-pound box of candy to us, so naturally I would remember him.

We had a dining room and telephone board in our hotel, and I helped with serving table and the telephone board and we met some very fine people. The U. S. Government had its offices on the north side of the tracks a short distance west of the station, and there was also a school halfway between the Thornton Hotel and the government office on the north side of the railroad track. That's where all the nice people were. We were on the south side, but we were the handiest because we were nearer to Fallon, and we had our big corrals and the stage that went by.

One time in the fall of 1905 I was surprised to see a man dragging in the dining room (I think I was all alone) all covered with blood, and it was discovered he had been taken in the surrounding hills, robbed and shot and left for dead by our then-postmaster by the name of Lawrence, who was immediately apprehended and sent to jail. It was discovered that he had confiscated many money orders and perhaps done away with other victims. He was sent to prison. And this was verified by my talk with Walter Phillips. Walter Phillips remembered that very well, but he didn't remember the hanging. Isn't that a funny thing? He happened to be busy with other things. There weren't many papers to advertise those things.

Then Mr. W. E. Higman and family arrived in Hazen about that time and took over the post office and started a general merchandise store. They were a very high-class family, the Higmans. His two sons and families were interested with him, and his daughter, Mrs. Webb, kept house for her father. We often wondered why they landed in Hazen, a place like Hazen. They were such very fine, cultured, educated people, but we heard in a roundabout way that they had gone through bankruptcy in Minneapolis.

Mrs. Webb was a Vassar graduate and one of the most charming persons it was ever my privilege to know. She was very loving and kind to my sister Alma and me and inspired us to be like her. We always wanted to be like her. Oh, she was the most charming person.

In the summer evening of 1906 there were some men waiting to catch the train at the stop station when we at the hotel heard cries of "Help! Help! Help!" One of the cries of help came from a Mr. Howe, a government engineer who was held up just as the train was coming in. Help arrived in time to catch one of the holdup men, a man by the name of Red Wood. As this holdup business had become so frequent and decent people were found to be in danger, a vigilante committee took it upon themselves to hang Red Wood to a telephone pole standing near the inadequate jail where Red Wood had been lodged.

Now my sister and I slept in a room downstairs and there were some stairs going up on the outside where I had a sneaking idea, feeling that maybe some of those boys had been in on it, but there never was a sign that I ever heard who did it.

There had been so many erroneous explanations of the Red Wood hanging and this was such a nightmare on my memory that I have had Joe Bailey corroborate the happenings. He said he was arriving on the

train from Wadsworth the morning after the hanging and saw the man hanging there. I was waiting on table for breakfast at that time. I looked out the west window and saw a man hanging, but when I remarked on it, some of the men in the dining room assured me that it was just a scarecrow. The people in those days were awfully kind to us. Joe Bailey said he was cut down immediately and buried nearby. I mean Red Wood. He also said that there were many hobos seen passing on by Hazen at that time. And that ended the holdups in Hazen for a good long time.

The seventeen-mile canal was built by 1906, and the first Hazen was supplanted by the new Hazen, where Mrs. Gruber, later Mrs. Frank Coffin, had built a fine brick hotel two miles west of the first Hazen. A fine railroad station was built then, too. And an orderly railroad town was maintained between 1906 and '16. Each day eight trains and four passenger trains went through Hazen from Mina, and the passenger train stopped for meals at the Hazen Hotel. That, of course, would have been a wonderful thing for my father if they had built that in the first Hazen, but it seems my father was a loser. He never did seem to be able to win. And it meant the death of the first Hazen, and our business finally deceased until we had to move.

In 1907, my parents tried a restaurant in Eastgate and later in Fallon. My grandfather Thornton moved to Palisade, Nevada, and ran a hotel there. The government offices were moved to Fallon. L. H. Taylor was the first project-manager supervising the building of the extending canals and ditches for the reclamation project in anticipation of the building of Lahontan Dam.

Miss Jeanne Elizabeth Wier came to Hazen in the late fall of 1905 and influenced my parents to send me to the University of Nevada, a preparatory school, and thus I was

taken from a nightmare experience to a sort of paradise experience.

Going to prep school at the University of Nevada was perhaps one of the pleasantest experiences of my life. I started in the second semester in 1906. It was a hard one too; I was unprepared totally for the lessons I was to take. For instance, I had to start in on second semester algebra and I hadn't had first. Well, Professor Samuel B. Doten was my teacher—and he was a wonderful teacher and most kind and understanding. I think he had to deal with that sort of thing a great deal in most of the pupils at that prep school at that time. Because they all had to come from out-of-the-way places where they hadn't been trained. So he was not only a good teacher, he was very considerate.

I stayed at Manzanita Hall when Mrs. McKay was the housemother. I never was there when Miss Margaret Mack was; I roomed with Laura McDiarmid, a senior who was taking botany at the time. She was from Virginia City. We roomed next to Florence Reed and her sister Mabel from Lovelock. Florence and I were in the same class and Mabel was in college. Florence and I became devoted friends and have enjoyed a lasting friendship ever since.

The earthquake that shook San Francisco also shook Manzanita Hall, a brick [dormitory], I remember that. We were all scared. But we made sandwiches and took them to the train for the refugees from San Francisco when it suffered from the fire after the earthquake.

I made many friends at school, perhaps because I was so happy there. Felt as though I loved everybody and everybody loved me. I had a hard time passing my classes, but made my first grade and returned the next semester to stay at a boarding house Miss Jeanne Elizabeth Wier started on North

Center Street. My sister Alma was with me for the first semester. Alma didn't like school in Reno. She attended grade school with Mrs. Libby C. Booth as teacher. Mrs. Booth was not so considerate. She was a very fine teacher, but she just had to have the work done right. That was all. She didn't make any excuses for anybody. So she (Alma) quit at Christmas and went to Fairview to live with Aunt Daisy and her husband.

I was pledged to the Delta Rho sorority in October, 1906, and was happy in many social affairs and friendships, which was not too inducive to high grades as I was a bit young to be mingling with college students at that time. Nevertheless, I managed to pass the grades and enjoyed a wonderful experience and many, many wonderful friends.

I joined Congregational church [in Reno] with the Reverend C. L. Mears in 1907 and was a worker in the YMCA and appointed a representative to go to Capitola in 1911. That was a wonderful experience. I think there were eleven of us who went. We went down on the train, and as we left Reno, there was snow on the ground, and when we went through the Sacramento Valley it was flooded. Then we went through the San Jose country, then to Capitola, which is right near Santa Cruz, and the almond trees and the fruit trees were all in bloom. It just seemed as though, I remember I wrote in my diary, that heaven couldn't be any nicer. There were congenial friends and lovely people, and the hotel over the ocean—the Capitola Hotel we stayed at. It was just a beautiful experience, one of the happiest, most beautiful experiences in my life. I went with my friend, Kate Graham, my dearest chum, and heard some wonderful lectures, and I came home more inspired to be a missionary. But I wanted also to finish college, and go on.

The young THPO boys at that time were especially kind and considerate of me, as were

some of the young men from Hazen who had worked in the government office and came up to Reno often to see me. I spent the last year before graduating in 1908 at the home of Mrs. G. H. Thoma on Liberty Street. Her husband had passed on the year before and her oldest daughter, Bonnie, was attending Miss Head's, so as she and her youngest daughter Roxie were alone, I was invited to live there. It was our mutual friend, Cliff Denson, Governor Sparks' nephew, who made the arrangements. Mrs. Thoma proved to be a veritable fairy godmother to a Cecyl-Cinderella and did many kind and loving acts to further my happiness and welfare.

I took music lessons from Mrs. Annie Hymers, a very fine teacher at that time, and advanced greatly in my musical education.

After graduating from the prep school in 1908, where I played Grieg's "To Spring" at the graduating exercises, I took the teacher's examination and went on to teach my first school in Derby.

I made important and lasting friends at the University that lasted through the years. The Langwith girls from Golconda, the mother and six daughters were attending college. Eleanore was my special friend and later came to teach in the St. Clair District the first year I was married. Kate and Emma Graham were from Ely, Florence Reed from Lovelock, and Theresa Crane from Elko; Marjorie Woods was also there.

Marjorie Woods and Eleanore Langwith went to Honolulu in about 1910 or 1911 to teach and wanted me to go then, but instead, I lingered and was married.

I taught my first school in Derby, Nevada, a distance of about twenty-nine miles from Reno. My Reno friends continued to help me with their attentions and kindness, and the year at Derby was a very pleasant one. I had five grades in the school in Derby. Miss

Echo Loder had taught there the year before and had left me a fine foundation to carry on the schoolwork. What she had done the year before was almost an education to me. I tried to follow in her line, you know, in her footsteps, as it were. And it made it so much easier for me. I was, of course, unprepared to teach, but she had given me so many ideas of what to do, and she had taken what was just not up to par at all and put it right on a very firm basis. And the children were all liking school, and it was a challenge to me to try to make it a success. And I enjoyed it. All the children reciprocated, and all the families were so willing to help and do things, and all the friends from Reno were still lovely.

I remember one time a couple of the young men borrowed Mrs. Thoma's surrey and her horse and drove down to Derby and took Tessie Crane, who was teaching in Fernley at the time, and I back to Reno. That was quite an occasion.

From Derby I went to teach the primary grades, first and second, in Fallon in 1909. I had sixty first- and second-graders. It was most appalling that first day that I looked on that sea of faces. You can imagine. We had spent the summer in Santa Cruz, my sister and I. I remember that I had hives. It was very warm at the beginning of the season, and I had hives so bad I was nearly frantic with them. And I'm telling you that those sixty faces of those little girls and boys at that time were a problem. But I had always loved children and I think perhaps the reason I got over it was that I really loved them all.

We taught the Gordon method. They were an unusually (at least I thought at the time) fine class of students as I remember. One of my brightest pupils was Leslie Sanford who presented me with a picture of my class of 1910 in 1953 with the caption "To my first teacher, Miss Allen, with all my respect



and sincere gratitude for a good start.” This warmed my heart a lot in 1953, for I had not always met with such appreciation. You know, it was impossible for one teacher to really teach the first and second grade efficiently, or even to keep that many children disciplined, but there were some little older girls in the second grade who kind of helped. I remember little Alice Means and Grace McCormack and some of those older second graders. They were, you know, at that age they can be quite helpful. But I enjoyed it; I enjoyed life; I enjoyed teaching and everyone was so kind and there were so many, many warm friends and people to help.

We had a very pleasant social group consisting of the young men from the government offices and some of the town’s young men with their lady friends. We had a private dancing club called the Beau Mond Club which gave dances every two weeks. It consisted of about twenty-five couples.

Thomas H. Means was the project manager then, and Herbert Marean was the assistant. They, with Herbert’s sister Helen, and brother and sister-in-law the Stanley Mareans, had all come out from Washington D. C. and added much to the culture and social life of the community. They put on home talent plays, organized card clubs and riding clubs. There were about twenty young ladies and gentlemen who had a riding club and often rode up to Soda Lake for Sunday afternoon picnics, and weekends down to the Freeman ranch to hunt coyotes. There were hay rides and tennis clubs and also skating parties.

Mrs. Thomas H. Means was one of the founders of the Artemesia Club (in May, 1909), along with Mrs. D. E. Williams, Mrs. C. E. Coe, and Mrs. J. F. Dunbar. That was before I had come back to Fallon, so I wasn’t a charter member. Stanley Marean and Helen Marean were charter members.

The purpose of the Artemesia Club was to make possible for farmers’ and homesteaders’ wives to share their common problems and have a place to stay when in town shopping. Meetings were held first in the homes of the town women, but the membership grew so rapidly, larger accommodations were needed. The Commercial Club rooms were first rented for that purpose. The first permanent home was purchased in 1915. And the cornerstone for the present pleasant clubhouse were laid in October, 1938.

Artemesia Club joined with the Nevada Federation of Women’s Clubs March 31, 1917. Mrs. Harry Ringstrom, one of our Artemesia members, served as president in 1965 and ‘66, and the Federation held its nineteenth biannual convention, the thirty-second session, in Fallon, April 23 to the 24, in 1966. So that was quite a thing that they had started.

I stayed with my grandmother and grandfather on their farm two and a half miles from Fallon the first year I taught in Fallon, and drove a horse and buggy back and forth. I remember one day I drove and got to school and my cheeks were frozen. It was real cold that day.

I joined the Eastern Star in November, 1909, and used to drive my grandmother, who enjoyed the Eastern Star lodge as one piece of society more than anything else. I used to take her to the meetings and often acted as the organist, secretary, and conductress. There weren’t so many people belonging at that time. But Grandma became Associate Matron. But oh, she enjoyed it. She was not very socially inclined and had always stayed at home, but she certainly did enjoy the Eastern Star. And that was one reason why I joined at the time.

The next year I roomed with Annie B. Nichols and kept house with her. She was the principal of the grammar school which was only about three blocks from her home. The



last year I lived with Mrs. Ed Monsell, who used to be Lizzie Austin.

The Thomas H. Means' had left Fallon for Berkeley, California, but I maintained a close friendship with Mrs. Means whom I visited in the summer of 1911. I was married in her lovely home in Berkeley in 1912.

Marjorie Cole, daughter of D. W. Cole, the next man who became project manager and supervised the building of Lahontan Dam, was a close friend of mine during the last year of teaching. She and her friend, John Post, and my friend and I all had horses and often went out together the last year.

I was in school in Reno when the Fallon flood took place in March, 1907. That flood started where the Carson River leaves the mountains above Leeteville and it was said that there were few homes from that district to Stillwater that wasn't damaged by the madly rushing water. My grandfather's ranch and the district south of St. Clair were providentially saved by the shutting off of the river channel formerly going through the Allen ranch by the government engineers, thus turning all the water down the Old River channel. The railroad bridge across the S-line canal was washed out and several hundred feet of railroad washed out also.

(The change in the Carson River, which years ago flowed through the St. Clair district: its new course is on the north side of town, now beginning at Coleman Dam.

There was an Old River, and a New River, and the Carson River. The Carson River ran through the Lem Allen ranch and was dammed up there, and the Old River—the New River after the floods on the irrigating ditch—ran to Stillwater. That broke out and was called the New River. But the Old River still runs north of Fallon by the Coleman Dam. But part of the Carson River still runs through the old Allen ranch over there.)

The city of Fallon was entirely deluged and many acres of alfalfa land was literally gutted and covered with silt. With no impediment to hinder its progress, the water soon found its way into Fallon in two channels, one crossing the Brown ranch while the other went from a point near the Dr. G. L. Dempsy place, submerging most of the floors in the John Oats addition.

Early Thursday morning the residents in the western part of town, realizing the seriousness of the flood, commenced working on a levee extending from a point west of the power house across the W. W. Williams field to near the C. W. Verplank home, a distance of about half a mile.

With the washing out of the railroad track Thursday between Fallon and Old River, all communications with the outside world, save telegraphic, ceased, although the last train out of Fallon came in the previous day and the track washed out, bridges gone and river impassable, the city's isolation was termed complete and it was expected to remain so for some time. But it was only a matter of time until the waters receded and things were dried up.

In the city itself water covered every area, while logs and parts of trees were found to be floating throughout the town as well as lumber from a leading lumber yard. That was quite a catastrophe, and I remember people telling about it when I spent the summer—this happened in March—I spent the following summer at my grandmother's home.

I was in Fallon, though, when the big fire broke out in 1910, on the west side of the street. My husband-to-be, my boy friend then, Jim, and I were driving in a buggy with a white horse, and the horse was hard to get to going, but we had a chain in the buggy and when he wanted it to go fast he just rattled

the chain, So when we saw the fire—we were about a mile and a half from Fallon when we saw the fire— we rattled the chain and the old white horse started running. And we landed in Fallon in a very short time.

It started about 9:45 p.m. in the back of a vacant restaurant building on the west side of town. That's where all the restaurants and saloons were. Three pistol shots gave the alarm, followed minutes later by the first bell. The stone structure of the W. W. Williams store was the only one that was standing after the fire had swept all the wooden buildings south of that store on west side, to come to a brick building owned by the bank at that time. Therefore, the attempt to stay the progress of the fire was across First Street where efforts were made to tear down the Woodliff building on the corner. An attempt was made to dynamite that Woodliff building, occupied by the tailor shop on the corner of First and Maine. The first shot wrecked the building, and then a charge of black powder was touched off which set the building on fire, so they really didn't know much about it.

Those who watched carefully said this was no disadvantage as the structure would have been up in flames in a matter of a few minutes anyway. And the blaze started served as a backfire.

From First Street the fire went on south, destroyed both the Woodliff buildings which brought it to the brick structure of the Nevada Distilleries and Brewery Company. Here the flames were checked, and by heroic work the Barrel House and the two-story Missouri Lodging House were saved and the rest of the buildings on the south. The buildings destroyed west of the alley were the office building of the Woodliff Company, occupied by Dr. Worden, and A. R. Jeffrey's tank house and the two tanks which supplied a large portion of the city with water.

During the progress of the fire there was very little noise; the men went to work with an energy. I remember my Jim was in there, too. The large water tank of A. R. Jeffrey, W. W. Sanford, and I. H. Kent did yeoman service and proved the value of such systems. It was largely through a well-directed stream from the Sanford tank with an extra hundred feet of hose from the Kent store that the fire was stopped at the Nevada Distilleries and Breweries building.

The bucket brigade—my boy friend was on the bucket brigade—played an important part in various parts of the town, for fire brands were flying thick and fast. Bud Williams' livery barn was almost covered with fire brands, but a stream from a hose attached to his tank soon placed the building in safety.

The galvanized iron awning in front was lowered to protect the front of the Williams building. When the fire first broke out, the hose from the I. H. Kent Company store across the street was brought into play and saturated all the buildings on the east side of the street, which was a great protection to them.

Mr. Williams was in Reno at the time and was informed that the fire started on the inside of his store and it was a total loss, but when he hastened to Fallon by auto, was relieved to find his store, stone building, was intact. The fire did not start in his building. It was in a vacant lot.

Mrs. Callie Ferguson, the postmistress at the time, opened the safe and removed all her valuables, including \$295.00 which had been taken in late in the afternoon for post office money orders. Some of the fixtures and part of the contents of the Black and Ferguson Stationery Store were removed, and it is believed nearly all the mail was saved. The post office fixtures cost Mrs. Ferguson \$2,000 and were insured for \$1,000. Black

and Ferguson stock was valued at \$2,500 and insured for \$1,500. There was quite a few losses, but the insurance wasn't carried too much.

A. R. Jeffrey's loss was about \$3,000, with \$1,500 insurance, besides the water tanks and engine which amounted to about \$800. The Woodliff Company lost five buildings: the Goldfield Club, the store building adjoining and occupied by Tom Woodliff, the building on First and Maine, the one south of it occupied by Frank Woodliff's store, and the small office structure on First Street occupied by Dr. John Worden, making a total loss of probably six thousand. I would think it would be worth more than that, wouldn't you? There was not a dollar of insurance in any of those buildings. The loss of Tom Woodliff's store was estimated at \$1,850 to about \$1,000. The loss of Frank Woodliff's notions store was about \$1,500 with \$500 insurance. (Companies represented by the Churchill County Bank carried about \$8,000 insurance on property in the burned district.)

The origin of the fire was unknown. When the dynamite was exploded, the concussion badly cracked the plate glass windows and doors in the Churchill County Bank across the road, the Morris and Loring drugstore and the Gardner Building. The glass in the bank was a total loss.

The post office fixtures that were saved were moved into the room formerly occupied by the G and K Drugstore across the street, and preparations were made for taking care of Uncle Sam's mail. The section of boxes on the south was saved, and boxes or nearly all of them, on the east—but the framework on the east was destroyed. You see, so they had lots of help with the running in and helping out. The streets were just loaded with all kinds of.. the heroic men worked moving the contents of

the buildings and in a short time Maine Street from Williams Avenue almost to Second was filled with all sorts of goods, furnitures and fixtures.

At the post office the men worked with the flames at their backs in their endeavor to save everything possible, and Mrs. Black and Mrs. Ferguson expressed their gratitude in an expression which all who were losers by the fire gratefully joined in.

While the ruins were still burning, Honorable W. W. Williams was figuring with Orchard and Galloway for the erection of a one-story building twenty-eight by a hundred feet on the south of his store building. Of course, his building didn't get hurt. Other buildings were no doubt started to be built up to be more beautiful. The telephone system was demoralized by the burning poles and wrecking of wires, but Roy Rupert saved all the phones for the county and was rushing repairs. The Western Union telegraph line was destroyed, but manager Coe at that time soon patched up a wire and gave outside communications.

Mr. William Condon, who was visiting in the area in 1907, found Fallon afforded great relief for the lungs after spending two weeks in the dusty Bonanza gold belt in Southern California. He expressed astonishment that Fallon was not better appreciated as a scenic and health resort among mining men whose families find conditions unhealthy in dusty camps of the state.

Well, as predicted, Fallon was to grow rapidly over the following five years. Condon felt that if the merits of Fallon were better understood as a hometown studded with trees and set in a fertile region, there would be many very fine residences built there by mining men.

Well, Fallon right now is considered to have some of the best air. My sister-in-law

comes up from Los Angeles, and she breathes the air and says, "Oh, how wonderful it is away from that smog and all," and think that this Mr. Condon was about right when he found Fallon afforded great relief for the lungs. He observed that this region had excellent opportunity for investments in irrigated farms and Fallon town, that the citizens here had the right spirit and abundant energy essential to the development of the Carson Sink. A good deal of this was taken from the December 5, 1958, *Eagle Standard*.

In the spring of 1912 I became engaged to J. W. Johnson, called Jim by his friends. He was a young man from Duluth, Minnesota, who had come west with his father and brother to buy the ranch from Charlie Allen, the ranch I was born on and am still living on now. Roderick Johnson and sons had investigated all the irrigation projects in the West and decided that Fallon was one of the most promising, as the forty-cent rate at that time was considered especially enticing. It was a lot to all the vested water-right ranches, but was taken away later as the homesteaders with smaller ranches were found not to be able to keep up their water charges in competition to it. So the forty-cent rate of the vested water-rights was abolished, and they had to pay pro-rated the same as the homesteaders. The vested water-right men, mostly large ranchers, tried to fight it, but it was one of those things which was decided by the law as the greatest good for the greatest number. Well, it just couldn't have ever had those poor small farmers keep up that big, but still, at that, the big farmers were wanting to abolish it. (My husband was one of them.)

I spent the summer of 1912 with my mother in Bandon, Oregon and taught a country school during that summer. The school was located a mile and a half from our residence, and we had to walk to school.

It was a very pleasant experience as the country in Oregon was beautiful, surrounded by beautiful pine trees and bordered by the Pacific Ocean. It really is beautiful up there in Oregon. They call it the "Switzerland of America", I think. And there are quite a few dairies up there too, and little lakes here and there.

During the fall, however, the rains came, which was an entirely new experience to me. We walked to school in the rain and had to change our shoes when we arrived. The school closed early in November and I returned to Berkeley, California, where I was married at my friend's, Mrs. Means', lovely home November 27, 1912. Marjorie Cole, my Fallon chum, was bridesmaid, and John Post was my husband's best man.

We spent our honeymoon at the Fairmont Hotel, a brief weekend. Of course, it was a champagne idea on a beer pocketbook, but gave us an idea of how the other part of the world lives. We had quite a lot of fun as John Post, Mr. Johnson's friend, was a great joker, and every once in a while we'd hear the callboy call out for Mr. Jim Johnson. He was kind of bashful, and so was I, and it would be John asking for us. I suppose John thought it would be a great joke to make Jim feel important, which it wasn't at the time because he wasn't feeling so important.

Jim was running the ranch his father had bought, and he had planned to make a big killing in crops that year we were married. There were so many rumors of tremendous amounts of money having been made by neighboring farmers by planting large acreages of potatoes. For instance, one rumor was that Pete Mori, running the Charles Wightman ranch, had made \$40,000 in previous years on potatoes and onions. He was a thrifty Italian and knew the business and got in at the right time.

My husband had hired an Italian, Tom Gondolfo, who was supposed to know the potato and onion business. So he planted twenty acres of potatoes on one of the choicest pieces of his land, the south piece, and six acres of onions. It was an expensive crop to raise, and after harvesting an abundant crop at a large expense, he found no market.

That was a heartbreaking experience for a young man. We had plans and everything for a beautiful home, and, of course, if it had turned out all right we'd make plenty of money to have built it. I still have the plans of that house which was a little different from this that we finally built.

The potatoes and onions were practically given away, and some of them had to be thrown away. He had twenty Indians picking potatoes and weeding onions. And he even lost his gold watch. Those Indians That was kind of a hard-luck year for him. He borrowed \$500 from the Churchill County Bank through the influence of his good friend, Warren W. Williams, who was the largest stockholder at that time.

And so we were married and returned to the ranch, with a large amount of beautiful wedding presents, to live in the old frame two-story farm house which was on the ranch at that time and the place where I was born. We fixed it up with gay curtains and couches and made the best of things.

In anticipation of selling his abundant crops at a high price, he had hired Katie and Jake Hursh to work for him during the summer and for the coming winter. So it wasn't so unpleasant for me when I arrived on the ranch, having this fine cook to cook and I was to be a lady. Goodness, that's what he made me believe.

Katie and Jake Hursh were homesteaders who had homesteaded land back of Grandma Allen's ranch and had helped Grandma with

her farm-work as they were getting started on their farm. Katie was an excellent cook and a wonderful housekeeper, and it was a sad day when we had to let them go after Christmas, and I had to take over the [kitchen] range, housekeeping, and cook, which I knew almost nothing about. But to go on with Katie Hursh. She was considered the finest cook in the county, was from Austria, made apple strudel and many fancy dishes. She was one of the cooks hired by Mrs. Lem L. Allen while she was raising her family on the ranch adjoining ours. She endeared herself to the Allen family during the raising of the children. And was considered almost one of the family. She lost her husband Jake during the First World War and later married Joe Challman. She was a cook and housekeeper for Ada Keddie, one of Fallon's society leaders for years. She kept her home on the homestead and improved it, but they had picked a bad piece of ground which didn't make a very successful farming project. They had developed what they could and had planted fruit trees and mulberry trees and wonderful gardens. She died suddenly in the late thirties, and Joe sold the ranch and moved away.

When Jim went to borrow the money from the bank for our wedding and honeymoon, he was told by the cashier that they weren't loaning any money at that time. So Jim went straight to his friend Warren Williams and got it immediately. When Jim's father came to Fallon, they had made friends with the Honorable Warren Williams, one of Fallon's leading citizens, and Williams proved to be one of Jim's staunchest friends and backers.

Warren Williams was a remarkable man who had the luck of a Midas touch in making money on almost everything he did, though he and his brother George lost heavily in the hard winter of 1889 and '90. They borrowed \$40,000 from the brother, Abram, in San



Francisco, and went on to become some of the wealthiest men in this state.

Williams had been a partner of Charles Kaiser in the sheep business and owned a section of land in Stillwater for their headquarters. They trailed 3,000 head of sheep from California, and this started a new industry in the state. They were the first to bring them in. The Kaiser-Williams partnership was dissolved, with Kaiser keeping the ranch and Stillwater holdings, and Warren going in partnership with his half-brother George B. in the sheep business and cattle empire that reached from Glen Alpine to the Idaho border. He had made a fortune in mining and moved from Bernice, a mining town, to Fallon when he bought the Fallon ranch in 1900.

He was instrumental in founding the town of Fallon and in moving the county seat from Stillwater to Fallon. He donated land for the courthouse, schools, churches, and Williams laid out the west side of Fallon from his ranch. He named the main street after his native state, Maine. The other streets, Bailey, Allen, Russell, Richards, LaVerne, Kaiser, Taylor, and so on, were named for his friends and old-timers of Churchill County.

He started the first bank in Fallon in 1908. He was the largest stockholder, but some of the prosperous men of the county also; it was a stock proposition. He donated land west of the town of Fallon to Churchill County to hold the first Nevada State Fair in 1915. The fair was manipulated and gotten for Fallon by his son-in-law Senator W. A. Art Keddie, and Fallon maintained the Nevada State Fair many years until Reno finally got it back. But I do know that they were having it in 1939 because my son did advertising for it. So they had it for a good many years. The building is still owned by Churchill County and the 4-H

club and the county fairs are all held in it in the fall, in the Nevada State Fair building.

Warren Williams was a colorful personality, he had the habit of starting to tell a funny joke in a whisper and ending it up in a much louder tone that you could hear clear across the street. He had the habit of adding "By God, by God..." to most of his conversations, and was said to have seen some men in his field taking tests of soil for alfalfa, went in and asked what they were doing, was told, and replied, By God, by God, can't anyone see it's good land and raising a fine crop?" (Genevieve, his niece, told me about that.) He became county commissioner and state senator. He attended banquets, but made it a habit of always eating a good meal before he went to a banquet as he never got enough to eat. That was probably a good idea for most banquet-goers. He was one of my husband's best friends and very much admired by him.

It was said he was a natural mathematician and had kept books in his head on his holdings before coming to Fallon to start the mercantile store on Maine Street. He was considered an expert on counting sheep and few could compete with him.

You see, when we were married, my husband expected to do big things with that wonderful crop of onions and potatoes, and instead of being able to sell them and pay the \$3,000 debt that we had incurred, we were unable to sell them at all and had to just throw them away. So that was it.

The ranch was poorly leveled, as all the old-timers' ranches were, when we bought it, with high and low places and built up ditches. At first we started out to level it piece—forty acres—by piece. And this forty, where we built our house, needed the most work. We used scrapers and tailboards with eight head of horses, and then a couple of teams, making



sixteen head in all, during the winter months when the weather allowed.

Later, to perfect pieces of productive land which needed re-leveling, we hired the big machines that could do twice as much in half the time the sixteen head of horses could do. I think the greatest thrill my husband got on the ranch was when he was able to hire the Drumm contracting company to level the southwest forty. It improved the productivity of the land as well as saving man-hours of irrigating and putting up the crops, but it was expensive, and there always seemed to be a job of improvement to be done next year.

We fed the hay we put in the summer to cattle we either bought or brought in to feed. We fed for W. H. Moffat Company for many years, the Nelson Meat Company of San Jose, and Taylor from Lovelock area. It was not until 1933, when Jim got out of the post office, that we decided to try buying cattle and feeding them for ourselves. Jim and George Ernst went to Wyoming with Doc Bolander, an expert cattle buyer at the time, bought cattle at three and a half cents and shipped them here which cost about one cent. We didn't make too much money, either, as they didn't do too well, or gain too much. You have to have them gain and you have to have a little raise in the money, but we continued to buy cattle, and to feed, and gradually made more money as the prices kept going up gradually. But there was one time that we paid seven cents for cattle that we bought from Elko County and we sold them again in the fall for seven and a quarter [cents]. We didn't make much money that year. The cattle had to be trained in or trucked in.

In 1938 we got a break and went out to Smoky Valley and bought the Potts brothers' cattle, a fine herd and always in good

condition. We paid six and a half [cents] in 1938, and the price increased a cent or so each year. Jim had a gentleman's contract with John Potts, and for six years we bought the Potts cattle every year in the fall when they were ready, went out and weighed them, and trucked them in, and nobody could offer more or get 'em for any more, because Mr. Potts said, "Johnson's going to have the cattle." And that was a wonderful thing. We missed him terribly. The cattle were superior cattle and were good doers, and we really did well with them those years.

After Mr. Potts sold out in '44 we started feeding for W. H. Moffat again. It was quite an expense and quite a hard thing to look up cattle. You have to go to Elko and around to Ely, and maybe get a commission-man. You had to pay him. So Jim thought that we'd start, the Moffats would pay him thirty-five cents for straight hay and he'd furnish the grain and fed from five to six pounds a day finishing his cattle. We missed him a lot when he left the valley. Moffat meant a lot to the economy of Churchill County. There were many of the farmers that fed for him. He came in and paid a good price and always gave you so much at the beginning—a thousand dollars down.

We bought cattle from Dewey in 1958 and fed Cowles' calves in 1959. We had bought some of our own, too. Started buying cattle in 1960 and have continued ever since—some years making a profit and not too much in other years.

I believe the dairy farmer has been the most successful in this valley—I really do—and made the most money, as they not only have the milk to sell, which they get a good price for, but have always a herd of heifers coming on every couple of years. I wanted to put in a Grade A barn, but neither my husband or son-in-law were interested as

it was so hard to keep milkers, but I think the dairymen are the ones who have a sure income.

Buying cattle and feeding them during the winter, one often loses one's hay, as well as money, if the gain hasn't been good and there hasn't been a rise in prices. When I think of the price in cattle of three and a half cents in 1933, and the price of twenty-six cents now, I wonder how the price ever got so low and how it finally grew to be so much in the past years. Many cattlemen went broke in the early thirties, but now the price is so high we are afraid to buy. We had to sell at, well, almost a low; our hay got rained on last year and the feeding quality of it wasn't so good. So we didn't do so good last year. Though we were always glad to pay off our loan and make a little something, which we've been able to do.

Sis and How, my daughter and son-in-law, worked for the Auction on Wednesdays. When Sis came home last night, she was just sick. She said, "Gee, I don't know whether we'll ever be able to buy any cattle for this fall. They've gone 'way up." And you can see, you can't hardly pay twenty-six cents for a five hundred pound calf unless they gain awfully well. Say they only gain a hundred, and sell for twenty-six cents, you haven't made much money. And sometimes you take the chance on them not getting that much. We were pretty lucky last year, we got a pretty good price for our calves even though they hadn't gained too well. It just happens how you hit the market, that little element of luck some times, you know, works in.

I wanted to tell you here about the development of the farm work on the farm. To begin with, we had four mowing machines, three rakes, which followed in a half a day, and raked in rows, then bunched, and raked and cured in shocks. After the curing, horse-drawn wagons and pitchers loaded the wagon

and delivered them to the stack, where a derrick with a Jackson fork unloaded the wagon into the stack. The two stackers built the stack of hay about thirty or forty tons. It was very hard to get stackers. It was hard to get good men at all, any time. But there were a bunch of men that wished to come up from California for the summer. We had twelve men and served them in the men's dining room, and then my husband's sisters and their children and my children, I would serve in here, in this room, so it really kept us busy. But I usually had help. Of course, I had Aunt Amelia helping, which wasn't too much help, but then I had the Japanese girls to help wash dishes, and if I didn't have them during when the children were little, I had some very efficient Indian girls that came from the Carson City, from Stewart, and they're well-trained. There was one especially good girl who used to sometimes get up in the night and cover up the baby in the buggy. Sometimes they can be awfully good help.

I have a girl, Lucille George, now. She lives out there in a trailer house, and she comes and cleans my house for me and is a very superior Indian girl.

Now, the haying, that process was changed to smaller wagons called "slips" with nets, which had been loaded by pitchers in the field, then taken to the stack where a whole load was taken and dumped at one time by the derrick. All these wagons were horse-drawn. Lots of times we were breaking in a horse, and it wasn't unusual for me to look out my back door and see a horse running away with a wagon, or a mowing-machine sometimes. I would just hold my hands and hope for the best. We really didn't have any severe accidents, but, of course, there have been accidents on farms what with the running away. Jim was always breaking in some horse. He liked breaking in horses.

About 1944, we had bought a tractor-drawn mower which eliminated quite a few men and made it a good deal easier to work. We had twelve men when we had these slips: six to drive wagons, three pitchers, two stackers, and a derrick driver. One wagon at the stack unloading, he tried to keep it going that way, one on its way back to the field, and one coming in loaded. The man driving the wagon also got off and loaded the wagon leaving the other two wagons, but that was an improvement on the other.

The horse-drawn side-delivery rake was the next improvement on the dump rakes; it picked better and was faster. We always had hard-to-get, good rakers and almost impossible-to-get good stackers. Then they bunched with the bunch rake, making two little shocks instead of one. The side-delivery rake didn't rake in as big rows so that it was easier.

Then came the tractor-mower, replacing four mowers, four men, and eight head of horses.... Then came the wheel rake, tractor-drawn, which replaced two side-delivery rakes and one man. And we had to haul that in with the slips and stack it.

And in 1947 we started chopping our hay. We got a Fox chopper. The chopper blew the hay into trucks. The trucks used nets. The trucks came in and were unloaded by the derrick. Of course, that eliminated horses. Horse-drawn wagons were loaded by derrick into the stack. Then we took the hay out of the stack with a horse-drawn wagon and loaded it by hand and brought it to the feed corral and unloaded it by hand, you know, manpower, to feed the cattle that we were feeding for Moffat.

In 1949, we bought a tractor with a fork loader that stacked the chopped hay and loaded the feed wagons. This fork eliminated the nets and the derrick. In the early fifties,

a feed-wagon was purchased which cut the cattle-feeding time from five man-hours to one hour. One man could drive around the corrals and feed it all. We loaded it onto the—we still do—we put it up in the stacks and then they have to load it with the loader onto the wagon. Sis can do it—Sis often feeds the cattle.

The swather was the next improvement, and Was it an improvement! Where you used to have mowing-machines and rakes, this machine rakes and mows it at once. It mows and windrows in one operation, which eliminated the mowers and the rakers, three or four men. Then the dump trucks were replaced by covered wagons towed directly behind the chopper which blew them full of hay.. and then taken in by the wagon and unloaded by the elevator. Two men can put up your hay now. It's possible for two men to put up a crop of hay, taking the man-power from twelve to two. Now that has been quite an improvement in the years, but it has been expensive, too. Automation and machinery are a big investment, and there is the necessity for repairmen to be on hand, as the machinery is inevitably breaking down, and that is the truth. We had a bad experience with our second crop this year.

We were behind, the wind was drying the hay, and that's almost as bad as getting it rained on. Howard was expecting to get a man. The man didn't come, and Sis heard from her friend that there was a neighbor that wanted a job, so she got up in the morning and went down about five miles and picked up this man who hadn't worked very much and brought him up to the field to help Howard. Howard instructed him how to drive the tractor, chopper, and the wagon—just do it carefully. He warned him especially not to turn to the right. Well, that man loaded one wagon and then came back and turned to the

right and ran it into our tractor and ruined the radiator. Those are the things that you have to put up with! Well, we couldn't get a new one. We tried; we took it in, and the fellow said he could fix the radiator, fix it in the morning, but in the morning, when he tried to fix it, it had all gone to pieces, it was no use; he just couldn't fix it. So we had to get a new radiator. It took a day or so, and there we were; there was our hay being dried up and nothing we could do about it. And he had to hire men, machinists, after we got the radiator, to put it on. But I guess those are the things that you have to put up with in ranching.

It is quite an ordeal, but of course, the machinery has helped. They tell me that even in the big factories that they have to have repair men all the time fixing the machinery. It will break down.

Now my daughter thinks she works hard—and she only has one man for lunch. I used to have twelve. I used to get them breakfast, and that was the meal I hated to get worse than any other. How I hated to fry those fried eggs for twelve men. It was quite a job, even though I had a little help and I had a wood stove. Well, we always managed to have the breakfast. We served them mush, and eggs, and fried potatoes, and bacon, and ham, and hot biscuits. Then for dinner, we always had some kind of a roast, with potatoes and vegetable and salad. At first the men didn't like salad so much. In later years they used to like a big bowl of salad; they ate it up, and always dessert, pies or cakes. That was the job in the morning, and at night we gave them fried meat or cold meat.

But quite often I remember (my kitchen is a hot one, you know) standing over that stove and cooking pork chops for supper for the men, and one man eating three pork chops at a time. (This was a wood stove, mind you, not a coal stove; it was one of those Home

Comforts. It was the best stove you could get) and the perspiration just running down my legs. It was a hot job. We think now about the heat, but that was really a hot job. Oh, I didn't mind it or any job that had to be done. I would much prefer cooking for a hay crew or a man who ate, even if he ate hoggishly, than one who came in and "snooted," (you know, didn't like this and didn't like that) but most of them came hungry, and, often, when they came hungry they were pretty good for two or three days. And then there was that saying that as soon as they get their bellies full they want to leave. That was the itinerant worker in the old days—you just couldn't depend upon them. We did have quite a few men, itinerants, that would come up from California and work during the summer. But that was something to depend upon; later, when those men didn't come, it was hard to get men. It's hard to get anybody that knows about the machinery. Howard really tries to do it all himself, which he can't do. Just one man just can't do it all the time; two men can, but one man can't. Eventually, his little son can help him.

You see those big wagons, you see them being drawn in— a load I guess—you see you can just go along and load them with the chopper—it blows into them—I don't know how many tons they hold, but several tons, and then you get off and disconnect it, and the man who has brought the empty wagon with the tractor connects his tractor onto the full wagon and connects the empty wagon onto the chopper tractor. And the chopper goes on, and the other man comes with the full wagon, and comes up with the stack and unloads it with the elevator. It's really quite marvelous, when you think about all those years of men that we had to work and cook for and feed and sweat. That was the truth.

I just felt like going out and celebrating after haying was over. You just felt such a

letdown, such a relief that it was really over—a wonderful thing to get it over.

There was an earthquake in Churchill County in 1919 or 1920 which didn't do anything but just scare us, but it was quite frightening. The one in 1954 was severe enough to do a great deal of damage to the whole county generally, mostly in the eastern part of the county and Stillwater district. The canals and drainage system of the TCID were damaged to the extent of causing the TCID to seek \$200,000 federal funds for earthquake repairs.

The Coleman Dam was a total loss and took \$35,000 or \$40,000 to replace it. The Sheckler district house had developed slight cracks on the north side, and a considerable section of the ditch bank below the drop needed filling to mend the break. The Lone Tree district had ditches filled with tule and earth pushed up in the center of them. Cracks in alfalfa land, and water spouts in evidence, were seen in the Warren and Frank Miller ranches. There was a broken flume on the Ed Starke ranch. There was also a break in the S canal in Stillwater. Cracks in alfalfa checks in which land had settled eight to ten inches, which made it hard for the irrigation water to pass on.

The crews of the TCID, county road, and the U. S. Navy, and the Indian Service joined together in helping to get the irrigation system in some kind of shape in order to take care of the crops, because in July they needed irrigation. But they came through all right.

We had several checks of our alfalfa which were cracked and found almost impossible to irrigate. We found that we had to re-level a good deal of land.

The people in Stillwater got help from the government, but of course we didn't, we had to do it ourselves.

When the earthquake happened in the early morning, it looked like a fire had started

as the electric wires were hitting each other and swinging back and forth. I thought an atomic bomb had fallen on us. It was a terribly frightening experience. Our man Estes Brusetti, in the bunkhouse, was so frightened, he said the next morning, that he ran naked to the nearby haystack and covered himself up. Of course, that gave us a laugh. It was really a very devastating thing. Nina Kent, Mrs. H. Kent, down in the Stillwater district, lost *all* of her dishes! She had beautiful dishes, too. It just knocked everything off. We had some pictures knocked off the wall, but as far as the dishes and things out of our cupboards, we didn't lose any. But in the Stillwater district, it really did a great deal of damage.

My friend Eleanor Langas was teaching at St. Clair's school that year we were married (1912). She came to live with us in the old farm house which was rather a barny affair, but we fixed it up in a fairly livable fashion, and, as young people, we had a rather pleasant winter, in spite of the fact that I had to take over the cooking and housekeeping, as our plans to have the cook, Katie Hursh, and her husband working for us didn't materialize. We just couldn't keep them.

We were anxious to make the farm pay, but found it impossible to pay even eighty dollars a month and board and room to the Hurshes. So I took over the job, which I was utterly unprepared for, but managed somehow. I'm sure at first the men didn't have enough to eat as it seemed an impossible task to cook enough for them. One man, he was an Italian, Tom Gondolfo, and the one who—oh, he just thought the world of Jimmy; he called him Jimmy. He was the one who had put in our potatoes and onions for us. He was a hard worker, but no matter what he had to eat, he always finished up eating about a half a loaf of bread with his tea. That was his way, I guess, of filling up. But when I had to make my own



bread, and everything, it was really quite a problem to me.

The summer following our marriage, Jim's brother Roy and two boy friends came out from Duluth to spend the summer and work on the building of Lahontan Dam. They also helped with the haying as best they could, as they were novices. They rode on horseback to work some seventeen miles and stayed up there during the week and came home sometimes. They returned in the fall to their school in Duluth.

Expecting our first child, we decided we had to have a new house, so we wrote to ask Father Johnson to loan us \$1,500 to build one. We decided to build our new house in the southeast forty which was an undeveloped piece of land. There were sandhills and sagebrush on the piece of land, and we had to start from scratch as any new homesteader or pioneer did. We had to dig wells and put in a water system, which was a tank system, pumped water from a well by an engine to a tank a hundred feet in the air. I've still got the tank house out there. We piped the water from it to the house. We used to have an overflow in the tank that would run over and it was quite a thing to watch that and run out and turn off the pump engine while the water was flowing down. Naturally, we missed it any number of times, but we had to watch it that way. We finally got rid of that system and now have a pressure system which is not so hard on the nerves. The water in the tank would freeze over sometimes in the winter time, and we used to have such a hard time thawing out those pipes. I remember my husband up there and us hauling tea kettles full of hot water by a rope while he was up at the head of the tank trying to thaw out the pipes. Of course, if the water got a little low it was much worse. You couldn't always watch it. You didn't always know. If we had been more systematic, we

would have turned it on every three or four days but there were so many interruptions and things like that.

The reason that we moved and decided to build our house over on this forty was that my sister was married to Kinkead at that time. They had a piece of ground that they had bought from Uncle Lem and had built their home and was living there just about a tenth of a mile. We used to walk across the field to each other. But she didn't stay too long. She divorced her husband in a few years. But we used to walk back and forth, and she was quite a help to me in fixing the house. She was quite a housekeeper.

We built a large six-room home with front and back porches. The contractor's name was Hendrickson. He was assisted by Mustard and Sons. It was one of the first homes to have a bath and running water. We had our own system. We had a large living room, fourteen by thirty feet. (I had three weddings in this home: Cousin Clarita and Harry Davis, daughter Isabel and Howard Winder, July 17, 1944, and Jim's niece Betty Lou Boggs and Ray Nygren, July 7, [year not supplied].

The house was finished in May; my first child was born June 28, 1914, and named Roderick Allen Johnson. He was taken from us on August 30, 1917. That was a heartbreaking experience as he was ill only three days. The doctors disagree on his ailment, and we had a third doctor come from Reno and operate on him for appendicitis. He died on the operating table. He had vomited and purged periodically for three days. His death left us not only heartbroken but rather bitter as we blamed the doctor. This was finally overcome when we decided that it had been God's will. But that's a hard thing to go through.

The second son was born March 14, 1919—James William, Jr. and a baby girl May 1, 1923. When Jimmy was a baby, in the winter



of 1919, our haystack burned to the ground. The one that was right back of our house. We never knew the cause of the fire but it was quite a loss as the farming at that time was tough sledding.

It was a problem to meet our expenses and pay our taxes and water bill. I took the 1920 Census in the town of Fallon and the southwestern part of Churchill County. I drove a Chevrolet car. The roads, why they were just full of chuckholes and I had a lot of car trouble. I walked around Fallon, but I had to drive some of the district.

We were having trouble with the protection of our land at that time, too, as the new canals of water were causing a seepage which made it impossible to raise crops. Land that had been in alfalfa before just became salt grass land. Though we plowed it and worked it and tried to reclaim it, there was not a chance until the drain ditches were built. I remember that they were building the drain ditch line that was to go through our ranch when Bob Douglass was using his influence to get it stopped coming our way and wanted it to go up on some of his land. It seemed such an important thing to us at the time when we heard the report that I got on a horse and went around and got the petitions from the neighboring people that needed this drain ditch to sign and took it in to the board, the TCID board. John F. Richardson was the project manager at that time. The drain ditch was continued on our way after that. This land was lying idle until ditches were built. Then the land came back into production, and we were able to see our way to make the ends meet. We had over a hundred acres in that water-logged land which had turned to salt grass and alkali, and it was reclaimed like a miracle when the drain ditches went through. We plowed it up, and put it in alfalfa, and it raised the heaviest and finest alfalfa on the ranch.

Jim often worked for the government during the winter to pay the taxes and water. We would take a team of horses and clean ditches.

In 1918 we borrowed money from the Federal Farm Loan Association, and Jim became a member of the farm loan committee. That loan was a great help to us as we only had to pay the interest and part of the loan. It was a twenty-five-year loan. It (the association) was a boon to the farmers at that time. It has grown from a small beginning to a large investment and helped the farmers no end. It celebrated its forty-eighth year last year. We paid up our loan in the late thirties, and have since been borrowing from the Nevada Livestock Production Credit Association, which is also a boon to farmers. You buy the feeder cattle; you borrow the money to buy the feeder cattle, and it's based on the amount of crops that you had and the value of what you had and what you might make. And in borrowing \$30,000 we have cleared as much as \$10- or \$12,000, which was a very good proposition.

At first we paid a very nominal interest, but it's been going up until now we are paying six per cent. But I hope to borrow again this year.

Jim was elected county commissioner in the 1922 election —carried his Republican ticket. He took the oath of office January 23, 1923 and our daughter, Isabel, was born at the Miller Sanitorium May 1, 1923.

My husband was not much of an orator, and it was quite a joke when he was running for office as county commissioner. Lots of people said they voted for him because he made such a short speech. He got up and said he was running for county commissioner, he'd like to have you vote for him, and that was it. He did carry a sticker, but we laughed and said that was the reason.

The last of January in 1924, Jimmy, our son, had a terrible accident. His fingers on his right hand were blown off and we were shocked beyond expression. The dynamite cap he had taken from a wagon where the hired man had left a box of caps. They had gone up to Lahontan to a gypsum excavation and gotten some gypsum to put on the bad land, and it had to be blown out. But I think Jimmy (he was only four or five years old, but he was just into everything) had heard my husband ask the hired man if he had taken care of that, and he had said that he had left it on the wagon. While I was doing the housework, Jim and the hired man had gone to a fire at Dr. Nichols' hospital in town, and Jimmy was sent out to play. He got on the wagon and got a cap and punched it with a stick and it exploded. I knew nothing of what had happened until he came in crying and bleeding. The only consolation was that his eyesight was not affected, though in the past ten years he has had some pieces of copper taken from his eye. The dynamite had punctured his bowels and had blown some of his clothing into his bowels. The doctor put him on a starvation diet, and it was an ordeal to keep him satisfied without eating and drinking for thirty-six hours. We took turns reading to him, my husband and I and our different friends who came in. We read to him constantly except when he was asleep. And of course, he was getting hungry.

So many kind friends came to our assistance. One brought a goldfish bowl with goldfish in it, and Jimmy even begged to eat the gold fish. He was taken to the Miller Sanatorium. He recovered sufficiently to come home, and, though it was a trying experience for all of us to adjust ourselves, Jimmy adjusted as quickly as any of us. He had naturally a cheery disposition and loved reading, so was satisfied if someone could

read to him—even the same story over and over.

He loved school and enjoyed going. He went to the Fallon school for the first grade but rode his horse to the St. Clair country school for the rest of his grade schooling. He went to high school and graduated in 1937. He entered Stanford the fall of 1937, and the University of Nevada, January, 1938. Left the University of Nevada for Washington, D.C. in February, 1942.

He married Mildred Brendel of Berkeley on June 18, 1941, in Washington, D.C. Jim had gone to Washington as a protégé of Senator Pat McCarran and by the courtesy of Eva Adams (I would like to say courtesy or influence) who was a personal friend and sorority sister of Mildred Brendel.

From a clipping I have describing their wedding, it says that Mr. Johnson had been engaged during the past three months with a special investigating committee looking into the Washington water supply.

In December, 1945, James W. Johnson was one of the 113 who passed and filed for application to practice in the U. S. Court for the District of Columbia. He had been employed by the U. S. Chamber of Commerce at Washington, D.C. through the courtesy of Senator Pat McCarran, and had been studying law at night. He graduated from Washington, D.C. College of Law June 13, 1946 and came back to Fallon that summer. My husband and I drove back to his graduation and left the Chrysler there for him and his wife and baby boy to come back to Fallon.

Roderick David Johnson was born to them September 23, 1945. They arrived in Fallon August, 1946. He was admitted to practice law after taking the Nevada State Examination late in 1946. He bought a home on Esmeralda Street and two of the children were born there. Lizanne was born in Reno

May 3, 1948 and Cecyl Allen Johnson in Fallon October 28, 1950.

In 1939, while at the U. of N., Jim was advertising agent for the Nevada State Fair in Fallon, Nevada. January 29, 1947 he was appointed bill-drafter for the Senate with the rank of special deputy-attorney-general. Appointment made by attorney-general Alan Bible. June 25, 1947, he was appointed district-attorney of Churchill County and elected to that office at the next election. He was appointed lawyer for the TCID in 1950, nominated for the United States District Attorney in 1952 but not appointed until 1953, and took the oath of office January 13, 1953.

They moved to Reno immediately. And he resigned the U. S. District Attorney office December 31, 1953 when the privilege of doing private practice along with that position was abolished. His resignation took effect April, 1954. Went to work for the Nevada-California Compact Commission in 1953. He was divorced from his wife in 1957 and married Jayne Henderson Moore, the same year. His wife got the care of the children, but he provided for them monthly. A daughter, Heather Jayne, was born to Jim and his second wife, Jayne, February 17, 1959. Jayne Henderson Moore had two children by a previous marriage, Diane and Jack. My husband and I were brokenhearted about the divorce, as we were very fond of Millie and devoted to the family. She was a lovely woman. I found it hard to take, but the years have seemed to ease things, and Mildred has married a very fine man, George Pomeroy, Jr., who has been a fine step-father. And Jim seems to have made a very good step-father to his step-children.

Roderick David is attending the Davis College in California, taking a veterinary course, and daughter Lizanne will enter

the University of Nevada this fall, and his daughter Cecyl will graduate from high school in 1968. All are lovely children. Step-daughter Diane is married to Leo Seevers and they have two children and step-son Jack Moore will enter the University of Nevada this fall for his second year in college.

Jim is still representing the Nevada-California Compact and the TCID and has a law office at 10 State Street in Reno, where he carries on an ever-increasing business. He was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court in 1962 in Washington, D.C.

Now I'll go back to where my husband became postmaster. My husband was appointed acting postmaster July 23, 1924 by Senator Tasker L. Oddie. The Republican Central Committee recommended him in April. He had to resign his County Commissioner's office, and Fred Branch was appointed in his place. The manner of appointing the postmaster at that time was for the applicants to get the appointment, you had to get the majority of the voters of the Republican Central Committee and have that Central Committee send it on to the Senator for an appointment. Carl Dodge, Bob Dodge, and H. K. Atkinson were instrumental in using their influence for Jim's election, though there were other loyal, staunch friends namely, J. W. Ferguson, Dan Evans, Gertrude Gibbs, Annie B. Nichols, and Mrs. E. B. Loring. There were four candidates, J. W. Johnson, L. C. Weaver, C. M. Way, and Captain H. A. Clark. The competition was strong and the winning votes very close. It was quite exciting.

During his administration as postmaster, a new post office was started, built, and moved into. And during the last year of his office the banks closed, and he had to use his office for money exchange for the stores, which he did to help out the stores. Jim was

a dedicated officer, but when the Democrats took over and Roosevelt became President, they appointed my cousin, Lem S. Allen, to the post-mastership. It was a little harder for Jim to take than it was for me. Naturally, I figured, well, if my husband couldn't have it, it was all right for my cousin to have it. But at that, Jim felt that he should have been given maybe a little more time in the office since he had been so dedicated and had done so much for all the big Democrats, the big influential Democrats.

While he was in the post office, he joined the Rotary Club, the Royal Arch Masons, the Knight Templars, and the Shriners, and a good many of his friends were strong Democrats. So he figured that they could have maybe... but that isn't the way they do it in politics. The friendship ceases.

Lem S. Allen, my cousin, still holds that job. He was appointed in June, 1933. It seems even though a Republican President, General Eisenhower, had taken office, that Lem S. Allen had the backing of both the Republican Central Committee as well as the Democrats—but the office was changed into Civil Service, too. So that might have made a difference. As long as he was satisfactory, why, it was hard to put him out of office in the Civil Service.

During his term as postmaster, my husband still managed the ranch and drove back and forth to work, even coming home for lunch. It was hard to get good men to manage a ranch at that time, but he finally got a good man and his wife, Jim Manchester and wife Lillian, a couple from Grand Junction, who were very superior people and made life much more pleasant for us on the ranch, as Lillian often helped me as well.

Later, Lillian Manchester's sister Margaret Merling and her husband came and worked for us also.

After we were married, early in 1914, we rented some land to some Italians for the raising of sugar beets. This was not too much of a success, though the sugar beet factory had been running since 1912. Disease hit the crops, and the farmers and factories operated at a loss until finally the factory was put into the hands of a receivership and closed its doors in 1914. The failure of the sugar beet factory was a great loss, too, and a disappointment to the Fallon area; as it was thought that a successful sugar beet factory would have meant a lot to Churchill County. And it would have. It was thought the area was specially adapted for the raising of sugar beets and it would have meant much to the whole surrounding country, as well as the state, if the factory could have succeeded. For instance, the produce at 5,000 acres, or 50,000 tons of beets, would have meant a quarter of a million dollars to the district. But it wasn't the right time and the right place. The farmers couldn't raise a sufficient amount of beets, making it necessary to shut down, which was a loss to the community. Sugar beets weren't raised again until 1950 when the Spreckels Sugar Company came in and started raising large acreages. We put in some sugar beets then, and though it wasn't too successful, we found that after the beets had been topped that they were very fine grazing for the cattle, and we could fatten cows on that pasture. But it was hard to contract with the people. The contractors came in and rented the land and put it in, but we always wanted to keep the tops. And, of course, the contractors wanted the tops, too. I guess they wanted to put the cattle in. But we finally gave that up, too, because it was hard to manage, and I think the Spreckels Company gave it up for a while, but ...raised beets in 1960. Some of the people in here have been raising them off and on.

When Jim left the post office, he devoted his time entirely to improving the ranch and trying to make it a successful operation. His father, R. J. Johnson, passed away December 22, 1925, and the old aunt who had lived at the Johnson home came to live with us. Aunt Amelia was a partial cripple and almost blind, but lived with me for over twenty years and was almost completely blind when she passed away. She was quite a help to me, though, in my numerous duties. She often made the bread and was always ready to get the dishes done, which I never was too anxious to do.

My father was living with me during that time, too, and he was always teasing Aunt Amelia. When she made bread especially good, he'd say he knew she had spit on her fingers, and she would get so embarrassed. She was so happy when her bread turned out good, and she made famous gingerbread. Oh, she was always making gingerbread. And when the things that she cooked turned out good she was happy. She would just almost go to bed when things failed. My husband never could understand why cooking should be successful one day and not be successful the next, with using the same recipes (and I never could either). But it was that way, and I think it is to this day. It must be the way you feel or something, or the interruptions that you have, or you didn't do the right thing.

Jim's mother passed away in Los Angeles in 1930. We had often visited them in Los Angeles during the winters. They were grand people and I was very fond of them.

In 1929, Jim and I and the two children, Jimmy and Isabel, took the train back to Detroit and bought a Hudson auto and drove it back to his hometown, to Hillsboro, North Dakota, where he was born. He had been away from his hometown for nearly twenty years, so he really enjoyed seeing his cousins and old friends. The level country with the few

trees and no mountains were real revelation to me. The wheat fields were golden ripe and the flax fields blue. The plots of fields of 640 acres of potatoes and 620 acres of flax were large compared to our ranches in the West, as the ranch we owned and ran was only 265 acres with alfalfa fields, grain fields, and salt grass included. It was really wonderful country.

There was no irrigation needed in Hillsboro, as the rain usually brought up the crops. The children and I fell in love with the country and the people, who were wonderful to us, and we wondered why Dad had come West. Everyone was so good to us and glad to see Jim, and all, and when we left, I remember Jimmy cried. They were just so wonderful, the people, his aunts and uncles and his cousins. And, leaving, Jimmy said, "I want to come back." They gave presents to everybody as we left and money to the children. It was a memorable trip really. My husband liked to take trips. He would stay home and save money, then travel to distant places.

We went to Blaine, Washington, in 1937 when Jimmy and Sis had graduated from high school and grammar school, respectively. That was one of the most enjoyable trips we made, as the children drove our De Soto. Going up the Roosevelt Highway was beautiful. The pine trees were so beautiful and so symmetrical.

In Blaine, Washington, we met one of Jim's boyhood friends, Jimmy Willison, who was born (just a few hours from Jim's birth date) on the neighboring ranch in North Dakota, so they were great chums. We visited in Tacoma and went on to Vancouver, British Columbia, and enjoyed the whole country, came back by The Dalles and Bend, Oregon, an entirely different kind of country, more desert and grazing country and cattle country.

In 1946, we drove back to Washington, D.C., by way of North Dakota, where we visited relations again, for Jim's graduation.



We left our Chrysler car, as I said, for Jimmy and Mildred and baby to drive back home, and we returned home on the train. That was just after the war—during the war— and did I ever have a time getting reservations on that train back home! I think I sat for hours trying to get connections, and do you know that in calling up those people I had a hard time convincing them that Reno, Nevada, was on the map? It really was a hard thing, but we finally did, and we came back by train. I enjoy train-riding. I enjoyed it more than the automobile riding because, oh, you could see more, and I always played cards, and met people, and enjoyed meeting people, and it was really enjoyable all the way.

In 1949, we met Jim's sister, Hazel Nance, and niece, Betty Lou Boggs, in Chicago where we had gone by train. We went on to Detroit and picked up a new Packard to continue on our way to Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, near Sidney. We were joined in Detroit by Jim's five cousins, and we made a two-car company, and continued the trip. The cousins, who had made the trip before, guided us through Niagara Falls, New York, north through the New England states, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts, through St. John, Canada and on to Nova Scotia. We visited cousins who greeted us with enthusiasm and showed us the beautiful surrounding sights. Nova Scotia is a marvelously beautiful country. The little lake& They entertained us royally. We turned home by Duluth in North Dakota. We were gone five weeks and traveled 6,800 miles in the car besides going to Detroit by train, so that was quite a trip.

In 1953, we took a trip in our Packard through the Northwest into Canada as far as Dawson's Creek and Pete's River, and visited Jim's cousins (I think Jim had more cousins than anyone in the country, and he kept in

contact with them) in Calgary, Edmonton and Dawson's Creek. We came home by Revelstoke, where he had cousins, and Salmon River.

There was considerable road construction going on, and the roads were through mountainous country, over hairpin turns that overlooked valleys at the foot of rough, treacherous cliffs. We were glad to get back to the Nevada plains and safe roads, and decided then that we would never take any more automobile trips. It was too hard on Mr. Johnson. Of course, he would drive a hundred miles and I would drive a hundred miles, but I wasn't so good at driving up long curves and neither was he. The people up in Oregon just passed us by; we would go creeping along the curves, and he'd say, "There they go, the mountain goats." And when we got out of—I don't know just where it was, but some place along the road coming home—we tried to get the cousin from Revelstoke to drive us home as we were getting pretty nervous about it, but he wouldn't come, so we picked a sailor up on the highway and he drove us to Winnemucca. We were glad to have him.

We made trips to Los Angeles a couple of times, but the next trip we took was by airplane to Altadena and La Jolla, where we visited Scripps Clinic for examinations for both of us. The examinations were very thorough. They found that Jim's arteriosclerosis was incurable and could only be lessened by quiet living. And I found that a curvature of my spine had been the cause of a lot of my complaints for years. Though I had had previous check-ups, this was the first time the curvature had been detected. I was told no cure but to take life easy and to continue my belief in Christian Science.

I was baptized in the Episcopal church when I was ten years old, joined the Congregationalist church when I was



seventeen, and have been a student of Christian Science off and on since 1907. I have never joined the Christian Science church because I cannot completely give up my belief in medicine, though I do get very good demonstrations from practitioners and am continuing my studies. I had real severe neuralgia and pleurisy. And I got relieved from the practitioner; I didn't do anything but rest and lie around. But it's really wonderful what they do for some people. I have seen so many wonderful demonstrations of medicine, as well as Christian Science, that I'm a trifle confused at times. Perhaps that's the reason my full understanding of Christian Science has not been accomplished. In fact, that's what the practitioners say. I have not been given the power to understand and demonstrate. It was a great comfort to me, however, as I really believe that God is incorporeal, divine, and supreme. And a prayer I have often said for years is "O God, teach me to enjoy life, not so much through the retrospection of a dead past and the anticipations of an uncertain future, but through a hearty separation of my whole being unto the things and people of the living present." So that's kind of my philosophy. But as I want to say in looking through the papers and the things that I have been recalling, memories and all that I had thought I had forgotten, I recall things that I did in the past that I can't understand how I ever did them. I really can't understand why at times one can do things that they can't do at other times. Things that I had forgotten completely have come back. But I wonder if everybody perhaps doesn't do something in the past that they regret, but as they don't continue doing them, perhaps that's the reason they can go on.



---

## APPENDIX: INFORMATION ON PRESENT DAY ALLEN DESCENDANTS

[These pages contain information about the activities of present day descendants of Lem Allen and their families: Clarita Davis Lindsey, the daughter of Bess Coniff, who was Lem Allen's youngest daughter; Sidney Earl Allen, the grandson of Hugh Judson Allen; Lem Allen's eldest son; Alec Lohse, the husband of Betty, youngest daughter of Lem L. Allen (who was the youngest son of Lem Allen); and Isabel Winder, daughter of Cecyl Johnson, daughter of Hugh Judson Allen.]

Clarita Davis Lindsey, daughter of Mrs. Bess Coniff, the youngest daughter of Lem Allen, just visited here. She was born on Grandma Allen's ranch as her mother and father were living at Soda Lake at the time, July 22, 1902, was educated in Churchill County schools, and married Harry Davis in June 1921 at my home in Fallon. (I had three weddings here.) Harry Davis had a very prominent position with Henry J. Kaiser in the 1930's. A child, Nancy, was born to them in 1933 and passed away in 1938. Davis worked on the building of the Bonneville Dam and the Grand Coulee Dam as an

assistant general manager. He helped build the Permanente Cement Plant in Livermore, and was superintendent of it when he was killed in an automobile accident in 1942. They had two adopted children. Martha was born May 3, 1934, and she was married to John Hammond in 1953, and they have four boys, Guy, Mark, Shane, and Dard, and are living in Fallon on the Hammond ranch. Steven was born in 1938 and was adopted by the Davis' when he was seven months old just after the death of their little girl Nancy. He and his wife Carol have one daughter, Daphne, born in 1962. He works for Henry Kaiser at the Permanente Plant in Livermore.

Clarita married John Lindsey in August, 1962 in Fallon, Nevada at the Methodist Church. They have a trailer house now and are really enjoying the "life of Riley," traveling around and passing the winters in Guaymas, Mexico, and summers in the Pacific Northwest, stopping at interludes to visit her family in Livermore and Fallon. John Lindsey was a professional baseball player, played with the Washington Senators, and worked

at Permanente, and was friend of the Davis family for many past years. He is an expert fisherman now enjoys nothing more than fishing.

Clarita had owned so many beautiful homes, had so much beautiful furniture, and dwelt so much on lovely linens and dishes and everything, and we marveled at her now being able to live in a little, compact trailer house which is very plain, but she really loves it. They really have the best time! They can hardly wait to get down to Mexico for the winter and up in Washington and Curli Lake, where they go in Washington, and all through that beautiful Oregon country, and I don't blame them, that's beautiful country up there, but don't they have a time!

Sidney Earl Allen was born August 17, 1929, and he was married to Donna on June 19, 1949. He went right to Provo, Utah, as pastor of the church there, then to Reno for a short time, then to Bishop in 1953. He was pastor in Reno from 1955 to '57, at the Advent Church. He got his master's degree in Washington, D.C., then was instructor and associate professor at Union College, Lincoln, Nebraska, 1957 to 1964. He got his doctor's degree in philosophy at the University of Nebraska, and took a seven-year course in Hebrew at Princeton University. He is now in Manila, where he is dean in the school of theology at the Union College in Manila. He will be teaching graduate courses in religion and philosophy.

These are the children born to Sidney and Donna: William Earl, born March 19, 1952; Edward Martin, September 7, 1953; Eric Ethan, June 21, 1955; (all of them begin with E); then they had this little girl, Esther Louise, June 29, 1962, and just lately they had Evan Curt, April 17, 1965.

Here is an article here...

Soon to appear in the Andrews University Seminary Studies, a learned journal in the field of religion, is Dr. Sidney Allen's criticisms on the German scholars works on the 2300 days on other numerical formulas. He also sent articles to be published in magazines These Times and Guide. His talk on Jeremiah was published in the 'Review and Herald' last December. By the way, Dr. Allen and his wife are taking lessons in Philippino at the University of the Philippines under Mrs. P.. Asperila. When asked what spurred him to learn our language, he said, 'I want to be a general conference president some day.' The present conference president is Elder R. R. Figuler, a former missionary to the Philippines.

So that's his ambition.

Before Dr. Allen went to U.P. he took up some studies in Philippino, soon after his arrival, under Bayani Agnazata, C.V., managing editor. That's the reason why you hear him expressing himself in Philippino whenever you meet him anywhere on the campus. (This is from a magazine clipping.)

He lately has gone on a mission to Viet Nam with other doctors. Right now he is on a missionary mission to Viet Nam, this Dr. Allen.

His wife is a very finished musician and teaches music. And even in the Philippines she has a local-made piano which is usually out of tune, but she still makes certain music come out of it! She has several piano students

and practices daily with Earl and Ed, who are fond of their teachers, and the violin and cello. Their eldest son, Earl, will be flying off to Singapore, a thousand miles away come September, for his first year of high school.

Betty (Allen) Lohse's husband also has a very fine job with the Union Oil Company. He is the head of the safety department for the Union Oil Company.

Last year they sent him to Africa. They went on a slow boat, and, oh, he said that you just can't imagine the filth of those countries, how they hung their meat out and the flies all over. And the smell. He said the stench of it, even in the cleanest hotels, that they stayed at, was awful. And you wonder how they could maintain health, any kind of health at all. (They're living in Los Angeles now.)

Early in 1965 he wrote a new fire and safety manual for use by the marine department of the Union Oil Company consistent with good preventive procedures. Its purpose is to assist the officers of their ship to instruct the crew and train them in fire prevention and safe handling of their ship and its cargo.

Mr. Lohse was graduated from the University of Nevada in 1932 with a degree of bachelor of science in electrical engineering. He works in the industrial relations division of the Union Oil Company and has established an excellent record in the fire and safety accident prevention throughout the company in the eleven Western states. Therefore, his object is to place the marine manual at the disposals of the Union Oil ships and also arrange for training programs on them. During the summer of 1965, Alec Lohse tested the manual and fire prevention training on the American flagship vessels that carry fuel for his company from San Diego to Anchorage, Alaska. Then on October 26, 1965, Alec Lohse boarded the *S. S. Torrey Canyon* at

Los Angeles, California, and went to Kuwait an oil-rich country on the Persian Gulf. He describes a lot of his trip here, which isn't so interesting.

We entered the Persian Gulf on Wednesday, November 27, 1965, and got into this oil port of Mm Al Amadi at two-thirty a.m. Friday. Weighed anchor Friday and are now scheduled to go onto the deck at noon to start loading. I stayed aboard the ship until it was loaded, and left, and then go to Kuwait, which is about twenty miles from here; spent several days there. Got my visa for Saudi Arabia and then went to Ras Tanura. At Dhahran, I spent five days with the Arabian-American Oil Company fire protection engineer inspecting their facility. I then went to Beirut, Lebanon, and stayed at the Hotel Phoenicia there. I then flew to Abadan, Iran, and inspected some shiploading facilities at the port called Bandar Mashur which is about forty miles from there. Then I flew to Karagh Island in the Persian Gulf in time to see the *S.S. Lake Palourde* load. Her schedule is to then go back to Los Angeles.

Roberty Bonadell and I stayed in the best hotel in Kuwait, but he got sick and had a belly-bug for three days.

He didn't want any more of that. He spent five days in the American-Arabian Oil Company compound, found people friendly and everything clean so felt like it was home. Many Americans and British. He flew into Beirut from Dhahran on the 29th of November, had

to come back this way so that he would not be barred from Iran as Bahrain and Iran are feuding.

It was cool in Arabia, but warm, overcast, and humid in Dhahran. Took a business trip and then a car-tour of the town. It is much cleaner here than in the Arab countries.

The Lake Palourde finished loading (that's a boat) at Karg Island on Monday noon December 13 so we started back immediately. I flew from Karg Island to Abadan, Teheran, Bangkok, Hong Kong, but had to switch to SAS to Bangkok. Had five hours delay in Bangkok for Pan American plane to Hong Kong, and it was hot and humid there.

On Pan American he flew into Hong Kong and got there at midnight and came here to the first clean hotel since he had left the ship excepting the guest house at the American-Arabian Oil Company compound. He had been on the plane trip twenty-five hours. He went to bed at 1 a.m. after taking a hot tub bath and woke up at 10:45 a.m.

You know cousins are cousins, but we live far apart and we don't contact each other very often. And it's very interesting to have someone who does that, who has taken trips like that and all. He is really quite a dedicated man to the Union Oil Company and that's quite wonderful work that he's doing with that fire protection.

Their son, Allen Lohse, graduated from San Francisco State College in June, '58, with bachelor of arts degree in social science. He served in the Navy as an ensign and then as lieutenant j.g. for four years. He was stationed at Sangley Point, the Philippines, for eighteen months. Then he was a crypto-security officer

on the U.S.S. *Princeton* and was stationed on her in the far Western Pacific. After his separation from the Navy in February, 1963, he took a four-months trip to Europe. He went over and back on a steamer. Early in 1964, Allen Lohse started working in the Sonoma County offices in Santa Rosa, California. He worked in the social-welfare department on the aid-to-needy-children department.

Allen is interested in photography and took many interesting pictures of the Philippines, Hong Kong, Bangkok, India, and Japan while he was stationed in West Pacific. He also took pictures of the Arctic Circle and midnight sun in Norway and many shots throughout Europe. He went to Europe on the S.S. *Hansaatic* and returned to New York on the S.S. *America*. He bought an English car, Triumph TR-4, and after using it to drive through Europe, had it shipped home.

On May 29, 1965, Joanne Clark and Allen Lohse were married in the Seventh Day Adventist-Presbyterian Church in San Francisco, California.

Joanne Clark graduated from San Francisco State College with a bachelor of arts degree in social science. She worked in San Francisco for the Girl Scouts of America and then for the San Francisco County Social Welfare Department until the Friday before her marriage last summer. She began working in the Social Welfare Department of Sonoma County. Joanne and Allen Lohse live apartment #4 2755 Ventura Avenue, Santa Rosa, California.

Barbara Twila Lohse graduated, bachelor of arts degree in home economics, from the Long Beach State College in June, 1961. Barbara Lohse and James Lewis Conrady married September 2, 1961 in the First Presbyterian Church in Garden Grove.

James L. Conrady graduated from Chapman College with a bachelor of arts degree



in social science. He is a student photographer and works for the Centralia School District as their audio-visual technician, Chapman College, Orange, California.

Barbara and Jim Conrady became interested in youth hostelling and made their first trip to Canada in 1962, when they took the bicycle trip from Vancouver, British Columbia to Secret Cove, British Columbia. There they found that Mrs. Stone, the very nice and helpful housemother is the aunt of Ralph Stewart who is the former paperboy of the Lohse family and lived across the street from Barbara in Walnut Creek, California. The world is kind of small after all! Now these youth hosteleries are special lodging-houses that are provided at a nominal cost for young bicyclists and hikers carrying a youth hostel membership card and going with youth hostel groups. It makes touring Europe very reasonable and also interesting as they stay each night with, and become acquainted with, young people of other countries.

Barbara and Jim went to Europe during the summer of 1964 and again in the summer of 1965, when Barbara was the paid leader of one of the youth hostel groups. The minimum age is sixteen years for the students going overseas. They lead a very interesting life. They have no children. Barbara and Jim Conrady live at 5621 Barbette Avenue, Santa Ana, California.

I mentioned the birth of our daughter Isabel the first of May, 1923. She was born in the Miller Sanatorium, the sanatorium that Julius Miller had built up neighboring our ranch. Isabel started the first grade in Fallon, then continued her schooling in the St. Clair country school, and rode back and forth on horseback. She graduated from Fallon School in the eighth grade and from the Fallon High School in 1941. She was chosen grand champion rider at the horse show at the

Nevada State Fair in Fallon in 1939. She loved horses and was an expert horsewoman.

She was chosen by the 20-30 Club to represent Churchill County in the statewide contest in Reno July 4, 1941. She was chosen by the 20-30 Club to represent Churchill County in the statewide contest in Reno July 4-5-6. Scholastic ability, personality, and horsemanship determined the choice. She was a recent honor graduate of Fallon High School.

She was also chosen from her high school as one of the twelve girls in the state for the Nevada Ford Safe Driving Contest. She was a fine chauffeur and had taken her father on many cattle-buying trips. The leading girl contestant and her chaperone were driven by Ford Good Driver's League, headed by Edsel Ford, to Detroit to compete in the national championship in August with all expenses paid. Each contestant was given her choice of travel, by auto, train, or plane, and it was remarkable so few chose the plane ride. Now everybody would have probably gone by plane. We went by streamliner, and it was a delightful experience in both of our lives. We were met in Chicago and taken around to see the sights and then given reservations at the Brook-Cadillac, which was very ultra-hotel in Detroit. Everything possible was done for the entertainment of the girls and boys at the contest.

They toured the Greenfield Village, and the Edison Institute and Museum, and were taken for a boat ride on Sunday, August 25, and to the Masonic Temple for a Ford Summer Hour broadcast. Monday they were taken to the Ford Motor Company Rouge plant and taken on sightseeing tours through that. Had luncheon at the Dearborn Inn. Went to the Greenfield Village and danced at Lovett Hall Saturday night. That was when Henry Ford wouldn't allow any kind of dancing but

the square dancing, and I think he started the square dancing at that time. It was really quite fun because very few of those girls and boys knew how to square dance, but the dance was given by this committee of his, and each girl or boy would take one of the sets and teach them, so it was quite interesting. Mr. Ford and his wife attended that dance, but they were not allowed to shake hands with the girls and boys as it was considered too much of an effort on their part.

Henry Ford was a handsome, white-haired man, and his wife was little. He was six-foot-two, and his wife was short like I am—kind of like my husband and I. My husband was tall, too.

At the final banquet Monday, August the 25, each contestant was given \$100 win or lose. The winners were given college scholarships, one \$5,000, and one \$2,000, and three \$500 scholarships. My daughter wasn't in any of them.

Oh, we were treated royally, and we were just as important from Nevada as they were from New York. In fact, we were with the New York [group]. They put us in groups according to the alphabet—the N's, and met charming people. It was a very delightful thing.

Sis was happy with her hundred dollar gift certificate as we had had a wonderful time. Sis returned home by herself as she was to be rodeo queen at the fair, and Jim, my husband, met me in Minneapolis with his cousins, Margaret and Benny Johnson, and we visited in North Dakota for a week or so, then took the bus to Tulsa, Oklahoma and visited his brother, Al, and family.

Other characteristics which further qualified Isabel as an outdoor girl include her abilities as a cross-country automobile driver. She was a contestant for the queen rodeo before she went to Detroit as a contestant. The contest was held in Reno July 1 for the good

drivers and then she was a contestant July 3, she went to Reno July the 4, 5, 6, to contest but she didn't win that either. She did win it from Churchill County.

Isabel attended and graduated from Armstrong Business College after she had graduated from high school. She worked for a year or so in Hawthorne, then in the Fallon Post Office.

She was married to Sgt. Howard L. Winder July 17, 1944, in my home. It was very much of a surprise to me. She made up her mind to be married quite suddenly when Howard was home on leave for a visit. He had been a high school chum of hers; he graduated with her class. When they told me they were going to be married, I was really surprised. It was July 17 and we had just finished haying. I had been cooking for a hay crew, and I remember, I think, it was the year King Edward abdicated. I was cleaning the floors for the wedding and mopping them on hands and knees; as I said, I was mixing the tears with the water. But anyhow, she was married and we had quite a pleasant time. She was married here at home. We built an arch at that one end of the room. She was married by the justice of the peace as Howard was a Catholic, and that was, I guess, the reason that she was married by the justice of the peace.

He left for his war duty and went to Cheyenne, Wyoming, at Fort Francis. He had been to Alaska and New Mexico. She stayed and worked for a few months and was chosen queen of the 1944 American Legion rodeo on Labor Day. She left soon after the rodeo to join her husband in Cheyenne, Wyoming. She and her husband were in Washington, D.C., during '45 and '46 and returned home early in the spring of 1946 to take over the management of our farm.

While both Jimmy and Sis were in Washington, D.C. in 1945 or '46, I would want

to call them on the phone. It cost five dollars in the evening. We would get on the phone and Sis would weep and I would weep, and we didn't get much talking done. So we finally decided to send them special delivery letters because it was awfully hard to talk if you get emotional, and to remember the things you wanted to say. But just to hear her voice was something.

They had quite an experience in Washington, D.C. Howard was in the intelligence department, and he was chauffeur for the big colonels as he was quite an expert chauffeur. And then, of course, my son was there going to school, so they had an enjoyable time. They were there...when the lights went on again (all the lights were off in Washington, D.C. during the war). I think they were there when Roosevelt died. They saw his funeral parade... and all.

I used to send them boxes of meat and turkey and jelly and jam and things like that. I think we were rationed in those days, and, of course, I saved up things. One time I sent a whole piece of meat to Jimmy and Millie in dry ice, and it got back there in fairly good condition. They couldn't get much with their rationing, and, of course, out here we were allowed quite a bit.

They have two children, Sis and Howard Winder, Patricia Lee born March 6, 1953 and James Walter born March 16, 1956. They were adopted. Of course they knew. Someone told Patty that they were adopted, but I don't believe that she believes it. She is so devoted to her mother and dad and I guess it's all right for her to feel that way. At first, Jim and I felt bad about them adopting children, but they just didn't have any, and Sis was such a loving girl. She loved children, so they adopted these children when they were just three days old. It is almost as if they are their own. I think, honestly, Patty couldn't be more like Sis than

if she were her own child. She's a horsewoman and all. We're just as fond of them, or perhaps more so; you can't be fonder of them than you can be of your own children. But I tell them they were pretty lucky that God had his arms around them when he chose them to be Sis's children and for Sis to choose them.

They managed the ranch for me. They lived busy lives what with daughter Patty, as well as they themselves, being most interested in horses rather than the cattle and running the ranch, which I some times don't agree with.

Patty, though only thirteen, has won two saddles, one at the Pony Boy Rodeo in Sparks in 1965 for being outstanding girl rider, and one from the Junior Riders for points received in their contest in Fallon. She is continuing her riding and her folks take her to the different rodeo contests held in the state. Her mother was a horsewoman and dearly loves horses, and is an enthusiastic as Patty is for the riding contest, perhaps more so, I think, with which I do not have too much sympathy. They go as a family, and the one thing I do like about their excursions is that they go as family. Howard goes. They take the horses in trailers and drive in the car. It's something they like. It's something I don't appreciate because I never did do it. We never had the time to give to our children like that.



---

## ORIGINAL INDEX: FOR REFERENCE ONLY

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, they have been reformatted, a process that was completed in early 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

## A

Abel, Fred, 77  
 Adams, Clint, 36  
 Adams, Eva, 162  
 Albee's butcher shop  
     (Fallon), 58  
 Allen, Charles L., 27, 29,  
     32, 64, 112  
 Allen, Clara McGrath, 112,  
     113  
 Allen, Cranston, 1, 2, 3, 4  
 Allen, Cranston Elbert, 29  
 Allen, David, 1  
 Allen, Donna Lee, 29, 176,  
     177  
 Allen, Edward Martin, 177  
 Allen, Elizabeth Hootman,  
     1, 3, 4  
 Allen, Eric Ethan, 177  
 Allen, Erma Cushman  
     Bussert, 29  
 Allen, Esther Louise, 177  
 Allen, Evan Curt, 177  
 Allen, Geraldine K. Heath,  
     48  
 Allen, Hugh Judson "Jud,"  
     29, 30, 64, 112, 115,  
     118, 168  
 Allen, Jake, 1, 8, 10, 16,  
     89  
 Allen, Jessie Brown, 15,  
     36, 38-42, 44-45, 54,  
     141  
 Allen, Joe, 1, 8  
 Allen, Kim Dennis, 48  
 Allen, Lavina Miller, 29  
 Allen, Lemuel, 1, 2, 4-8,  
     9, 10-13, 15-16, 17,  
     18, 20, 21-27, 36-37,  
     44, 50, 51-52, 55, 63,  
     74, 85, 112, 117  
 Allen, Lemuel L., 8, 22,  
     29, 33, 34, 35-37, 38-  
     40, 42, 44, 45, 46, 47,  
     53, 104, 112  
 Allen, Lemuel Sparks, 38,  
     42, 45, 48, 165, 166  
 Allen, Lemuel Sparks, Jr.,  
     48

Allen, Mary Ellen Eason, 45  
 Allen, Matilda Dillard, 29,  
     138  
 Allen, Sadie Likes, 32  
 Allen, Sarah Ann Pugh, 5,  
     6, 9, 12, 13, 14, 15,  
     17, 20, 24, 25, 27-28,  
     50, 51-52, 112, 115, 129  
 Allen, Sherrie Kay, 48  
 Allen, Sidney Earl, 29, 37,  
     176-177  
 Allen, Sidney Earl, Jr., 29  
 Allen, Tammie Dian, 48  
 Allen, William Earl, 177  
 Allen Hotel (Fallon), 32  
 Alessi (horse), 47  
 Alviso, Eunice Isabel Allen,  
     38, 40, 42-44  
 Alviso, Frank R., 43  
 Alviso, Frank R., Jr., 43  
 Alviso, Theresa Garber, 43  
 Artemesia Club (Fallon),  
     70, 128-129  
 Atkinson, H. K., 165  
 Austin, Mrs. Herb, 93  
 Austrians, 141

## B

Babb, Jay, 79  
 Bailey, Charles, 8, 9  
 Bailey, Joe, 19, 121  
 Bailey, Mary Allen, 1, 8,  
     9, 16  
 Bailey, William (Fallon),  
     16-17  
 Balleese (horse), 36  
 Balmat, Clara E., 87  
 Bandon, Oregon, 138  
 Baptist Church (Fallon), 88  
 Barrel House (Fallon), 133  
 Barron, Jim, 37, 53-54  
 Bass, Dick, 11, 37, 92  
 Bass, Raymond, 16  
 Bass, Stella, 92  
 Beau Mond Club (Fallon),  
     128  
 Belford, Samuel, 87  
 Bemis, Orion L., 17-18



Berney, E. S., 93  
 Berney, Mrs. E. S., 93  
 Bernice, Nevada, 142  
 Best, Elbert C., 84  
 Betula (horse), 35, 36  
 Bible, Alan, 163  
 Black and Ferguson store  
   (Fallon), 134  
 Blair, Ernest William, 95  
 Blair, Minnie Nichols, 94-  
   95  
 Bolander, "Doc," 145  
 Bond, Charles, 8, 9, 16  
 Bond, Kate Allen, 1, 8, 9,  
   16  
 Booth, Libby C., 124  
 Bowden, Mrs. B. A., 93  
 Bowman, A., 80  
 Branch, Fred, 165  
 Brannan, Earl, 13  
 Bray, John Edwards, 86  
 Brown, E. M., 84  
 Brown, Hattie, 94  
 Brusetti, Estes, 155  
 Buerer, H. F., 81  
 Burchell, Harvey, 76, 85  
 Burk, Jim, 31  
 Burton, Lucy, 84

## C

Camaraderees bridge club  
   (Fallon), 92  
 Capitola, California, 124-  
   125  
 Carman, R. F., 46  
 Carpenter, Frank, 67  
 Carson River (Nevada), 15,  
   16, 74, 130-131  
 Carson Sink (Nevada), 6-7  
 Catholic church (Fallon),  
   88  
 Cattle Bunch dancing club  
   (Churchill County), 91  
 Challman, Joe, 141  
 Challman, Katie Hursh, 140-  
   141, 155  
 Chamber of Commerce, Chur-  
   chill County, 81  
 Charger (horse), 35  
 Cheapie, Frank, 24  
 Chinese, 13-14, 50  
 Christian Science, 172-173  
 Churchill County Bank  
   (Fallon), 95, 135, 140  
 Churchill County High School  
   (Fallon), 86-88  
 Churchill County Library,  
   92-94  
 Churchill County Oil Drill-  
   ing Company, 109  
 Churchill County Telephone  
   Company, 100-103  
 Churchill, Fort, 4, 6, 12  
 Churchill Hotel (Fallon),  
   96  
 Cirac, Charles, 69  
 Clark, H. A., 165  
 Clark, Walter E., 87  
 Clarke, L. J., 81  
 Coe, C. E., 136  
 Coe, Mrs. C. E., 128  
 Coffin, Mrs. Frank, 122  
 Cole, D. W., 80, 130  
 Cole, Guy, 86  
 Cole, Marjorie, 130, 138  
 Coleman Dam (Churchill  
   County), 154  
 Commercial Club (Fallon),  
   93, 129  
 Commercial Hotel (Fallon),  
   96  
 Condon, William, 136-137  
 Congregational Church (Reno),  
   124  
 Coniff, Jack, 34  
 Coniff, Lizzie Bess Allen  
   Fortune, 29, 33, 34, 89-  
   90, 112  
 Connard (horse), 35  
 Conrady, Barbara Twila  
   Lohse, 49, 181-182  
 Conrady, James Lewis, 49,  
   181-182  
 Consolidated schools (Chur-  
   chill County), 78-79  
 Cook, Florence, 115  
 Cox, Jay, 67, 118  
 Crane, Theresa, 126, 127  
 Cushman, Joe J., 22  
 Cushman family (Fallon), 9,  
   10

## D

Dame Margarita (horse), 35  
 Damm, Annie, 76  
 Davis, Bill, 93  
 Davis, Carol, 175  
 Davis, Charles N., 80  
 Davis, Daphne, 175  
 Davis, Harry, 158, 175  
 Davis, Nancy, 175  
 Davis, Steven, 175  
 Day, Abbie Louise, 77  
 Day, Clara, 115  
 Dayton, Nevada, 7  
 Delta Rho sorority, 124  
 Del Zura (horse), 36  
 Democrats, 21, 27, 41-42, 44, 165, 166  
 Dempsey, G. L., 131  
 Denson, Cliff, 125  
 Derby, Nevada, 68, 90, 125, 126, 127  
 Derby dam (Nevada), 68, 104, 119  
   See also: Newlands Project, Truckee-Carson Irrigation District  
 Dick Turpin (horse), 36, 45, 46, 47  
 Dodge, Bob, 165  
 Dodge, Carl, 102-103, 165  
 Dolf, Charles, 61  
 Dolf, Ida Baker, 61  
 Dolf, Thomas, 8, 60-62, 76, 85  
 Doten, Samuel B., 123  
 Douglas, Joe, 17  
 Douglass, Robert L., 84, 85, 159  
 Downing, Dorothy Jane, 32  
 Downing, Faye Proctor, 32  
 Downing, Patty, 32  
 Downing, Robert Charles, 32  
 Downing, William Allen, 32  
 Downs, Marjorie Mead, 86  
 Draper Club (Fallon), 93  
 Drumm, Andrew D., 87

Ducker, Edward A., 87-88  
 Duffisy, Dr., 116  
 Dunbar, Mrs. J. F., 128

## E

Earthquakes in Churchill County, 153, 155  
 Eason, Joe, 45  
 Eason, Maude, 45  
 Eastern Star lodge, 27-28, 129  
 E. C. Best Junior High School (Fallon), 88  
 El Primo (horse), 46-47  
 El Rio Rey (horse), 35  
 Emperor of Norfolk (horse), 35  
 Entre Nous bridge club (Fallon), 92  
 Episcopal Church (Fallon), 88  
 Ernst, George, 60, 78, 144-145  
 Esden, Lillian Kaiser, 63, 113  
 Evans, Dan, 23, 165

## F

Fairmont Hotel (San Francisco), 138-139  
 Fairview, Nevada, 23, 33, 34, 57, 118  
 Fallon, Michael, 8  
 Fallon, Nevada, 2, 3, 16, 28, 34, 57, 60, 62, 72, 93, 94-96, 127-130, 131-138, 142-143, 158, 162, 163, 175, 176  
 Fallon Flour Mill, 96  
 Fallon Naval Air Station, 101, 107-109  
 Farm House restaurant (Fallon), 95  
 Federal Farm Loan Association, 160



Ferguson, Callie, 75, 134  
Ferguson, Elizabeth Pugh,  
8, 9, 10  
Ferguson, J. W., 165  
Ferguson, Mapes, 86  
Ferguson, Wallace, 22  
Ferguson family (Fallon),  
10  
Ferrell, James Carlton, 65  
Fetter, H. C., 86  
Fetter, R. H., 77  
Fish and Wildlife Service,  
U. S., 106  
Flambone (horse), 36  
Fleischmann Foundation, 92,  
93  
Fortune, Ralph, 33, 34  
Fox hay chopper, 149  
Freeman, J. W., 60  
French, 6

## G

G and K drugstore (Fallon),  
135  
Gardner building (Fallon),  
135  
George, Lucille, 148  
Gerjets, Adah, 84  
Germany, 14  
Getto, Mrs. Virgil, 94  
Gibbs, Gertrude, 165  
Gomes, John, 71  
Gondolfo, Tom, 139, 156  
Good Will Club (Churchill  
County), 91  
Graham, Emma, 126  
Graham, Kate, 125, 126  
Grimes, W. C., 13, 22, 76,  
85  
Grimes ranch (Fallon), 13

## H

Haas, Celia F., 86  
Haight, Andrew L., 87  
Hamman, Bonnie June Allen,  
48

Hamman, Kenneth Ashley, 48  
Hamman, Kristi Allison, 48  
Hammond, Dard, 175  
Hammond, Guy, 175  
Hammond, John, 175  
Hammond, Mark, 175  
Hammond, Martha Davis, 175  
Hammond, Shane, 175  
Hardy, Bonnie Thoma, 125  
Harmon, Lida Pugh, 9, 13,  
19  
Harmon, William, 3, 5, 9,  
20, 84  
Harmon District (Churchill  
County), 80-83, 87  
Harmon district school  
(Churchill County), 79-  
80  
Harmony Social Club (Fallon),  
82  
Harriman, E. S., 65, 85  
Harriman, Frank, 86  
Harriman, Lester, 86  
Harris, Dean, 30  
Harris, Dolores Allen, 29  
Harris, Jim, 29  
Harris, Jimmy, 29  
Harris, Nancy, 29-30  
Harris, Susan Elaine, 30  
Hazen, Nevada, 14, 67, 68,  
117-122  
Hibel, Phil, 106-107  
Higman, W. E., 120  
Hill, William (Fallon), 13  
Hill, Mrs. William, 13-14  
Hoda (horse), 36, 46  
Hollingsworth, W. Carl, 67,  
117-118  
Holstein cattle, 62-63  
Howard, Laverne, 94  
Hoyt, Constance Proctor, 31-  
32  
Hug, Procter, 47  
Hursh, Jake, 140, 141, 155,  
156  
Hymers, Annie, 125

## I

Idle A (horse), 35  
 I. H. Kent Company (Fallon),  
     57, 58, 59, 60, 72, 96,  
     134  
 Imported Sempronius (horse),  
     35  
 Indians, 3, 4, 14, 140, 148  
 Irish Exile (horse), 35, 46,  
     47  
 Italians, 139, 166-167  
 Ito, Yoshiko, 72  
 Ito family (Churchill Coun-  
     ty), 70-72, 73

## J

Jackson hay fork, 147  
 Japanese, 70-74, 148  
 Jarvis, C. K., 33-34  
 Jeffrey, A. R., 85, 133,  
     135  
 Joe Hooker (horse), 35,  
     36  
 Johnson, Cecyl Allen II,  
     30, 163, 164  
 Johnson, Heather Jayne,  
     30, 164  
 Johnson, James W., 30, 44,  
     60, 61, 64, 71, 132,  
     133, 134, 137, 138-140,  
     141, 144-147, 149, 156,  
     157, 160-162, 163, 165-  
     172  
 Johnson, James W., Jr., 30,  
     44, 158, 161-164, 169,  
     170, 186  
 Johnson, Jayne Henderson  
     Moore, 30, 164  
 Johnson, Lizanne Sally, 30,  
     163, 164  
 Johnson, Roderick Allen,  
     30, 158  
 Johnson, Roderick David,  
     30, 163, 164  
 Johnson, Roderick J., 137,  
     156, 168  
 Johnson, Mrs. Roderick J.,  
     168-169

Johnson, Roy, 156  
 Jones, J. C., 85  
 Judson Pills, 17

## K

Kaiser, Charles, 22, 56,  
     63, 142  
 Keddie, Ada, 141  
 Keddie, W. A. "Art," 142-  
     143  
 Kelso Oil Drilling Company,  
     109  
 Kendrick, Edith, 86  
 Kent, Charles, 59  
 Kent, I. H., 22, 56-59, 76,  
     81, 85, 133  
 Kent, Ira L., 59-60, 86  
 Kent, Kenneth, 59, 60, 62  
 Kent, Mrs. Kenneth, 94  
 Kent, Margaret Dolf, 59,  
     61, 74, 94  
 Kent, Mary M. Kaiser, 63,  
     86  
 Kent, Nina, 155  
 Kent, Robert, 59, 60  
 Kent, Mrs. Robert, 94  
 Kent, Thomas, 59, 60  
 Kent, Mrs. Thomas, 94  
 Kent family (Fallon), 10, 23  
 Kenyon, Asa, 97  
 King Vulture (horse), 36,  
     46  
 Kinkead, H. J., 30  
 Kinney, Charles, 37-38  
 Kistler, Washington Lincoln,  
     116  
 Kit Carson (horse), 35  
 Kito, Mary, 72  
 Kito family (Churchill  
     County), 70-72, 73

## L

Lahontan Dam (Churchill  
     County), 22, 23, 68,  
     104, 105  
 See also: Truckee-Car-  
     son Irrigation District,  
     Newlands Project



# Lahontan Silver State (horse), 36

Lake, Leland, 42  
Lammel, Hans, 42  
Langas, Eleanor, 155  
Langwith, Eleanore, 126  
Lawrence, Mr., 120  
Lee, William R., 96  
Leete, O. J., 68  
Leeteville, Nevada, 68  
Leonard, J. M., 41  
Likes, Leo, 86  
Lindsay, Clarita Fortune  
    Davis, 34, 158, 175,  
    176  
Lindsey, John, 176  
Lino's restaurant (Fallon),  
    95  
Loder, Echo, 126  
Lohse, Alec, 49, 178-180  
Lohse, Allen, 49, 180-181  
Lohse, Elizabeth Allen  
    "Betty," 38, 42, 48-  
    49, 178  
Lohse, Joanne Clarke, 49,  
    181  
Lone Tree district (Chur-  
    chill County), 154  
Long, H. J., 62  
Loring, Mrs. E. B., 165  
Lowe, Alcesta, 86

## Mc

McCarpenter, R. R., 46  
McCarran, Patrick A., 162,  
    163  
McCormack, Grace, 127  
McCormick, John, 104  
McCormick, Mrs. John, 94  
McCracken, George, 87  
McDiarmid, Laura, 123  
McFadden, L. E., 84  
McKeowen, E. L., 78

## M

Madison, Alma Allen Kin-  
    kead Burk, 30-31, 51,  
    52, 112, 120, 124, 157  
Madison, Evelyn Pearson,  
    31  
Madison, J. W., 31  
Madison, Robert Eric, 31  
Madison, Robert Lee Burk,  
    31  
Madison, Vicki, 31  
Maggie S (horse), 35  
Manchester, Jim, 166  
Manchester, Lillian, 166  
Marean, Helen, 128  
Marean, Herbert, 128  
Marean, Stanley R., 128  
Marion (horse), 36  
Marsh, Fred, 86  
Masons, 27, 45  
Means, Alice, 127  
Means, Thomas H., 128  
Means, Mrs. Thomas H., 128,  
    138  
Mears, C. L., 124  
Merling, Margaret, 166  
Methodist Church (Fallon),  
    88  
Methodists, 9, 20  
Miller, Edward, 66  
Miller, Eleanore, 66  
Miller, Frank R., 154  
Miller, Julius H., 64-67  
Miller, Mrs. Julius H.,  
    64, 65, 66  
Miller, Lois, 66  
Miller, Tremayne, 64  
Miller, Warren, 154  
Miller Sanatorium (Fallon),  
    162  
    See also: Julius H.  
        Miller  
Mills, Ellen, 94  
Mills, Laura, 84, 93-94  
Millward, Helen Blair, 95  
Millward, J. E. "Bill," 95  
Minor, Ralph S., 86  
Miss Leap Year (horse), 36,  
    46

Miss Lester (horse), 36  
 Missouri Lodging House  
     (Fallon), 133  
 Mr. and Mrs. Club (Churchill County), 91-92  
 Moon, Grace, 85, 86  
 Moore, Jack, 164  
 Mori, Pete, 139  
 Mormon Church (Fallon), 88  
 Morris and Loring drug-store (Fallon), 135  
 Myles, Mrs. J. H., 41

## N

Nance, Hazel Johnson, 170  
 Navy, U. S., in Fallon, Nevada, 107-109, 154  
 Neddenriep, Mary Lou Kent, 60  
 Nelson, Fred A., 80  
 Nelson Meat Company (San Jose), 144  
 Nevada, University, 40, 85-86, 122-124, 126, 162  
 Nevada-California Interstate Compact Commission, 164  
 Nevada Distilleries and Brewery Company (Fallon), 133  
 Nevada Federation of Women's Clubs, 129  
 Nevada Livestock Production Credit Association, 160  
 Nevada state fair (Fallon), 142-143, 163  
 Newlands, Francis Griffith, 22, 23  
 Newlands Project, 57, 97, 103-107, 117-118, 122  
 New River  
     See: Carson River  
 New River district (Churchill County), 90  
 New River district school (Churchill County), 75  
 Nichols, Annie B. Coffrin, 76-77, 78, 165

Nichols, F. E., 87, 161  
 Northam district (Churchill County), 91, 104  
 Nygren, Annabel Hunter 82-83  
 Nygren, Betty Lou Boggs, 158, 170  
 Nygren, Earl, 83  
 Nygren, May, 83  
 Nygren, Merle, 83  
 Nygren, Ray, 83, 158  
 Nygren, W. L., 82

## O

Oats, Alfred, 62  
 Oats, John, 16, 62-63, 78, 84  
 Oats, John, Jr., 62  
 Oats, Nell Eason, 62  
 Oats Brothers dairy (Fallon), 62  
 Oats Park (Fallon), 62  
 Oberg, Keith, 32  
 Oberg, Margot Proctor, 32  
 Oddie, Tasker L., 165  
 Oh Sing, 14  
 Old River  
     See: Carson River  
 Old River district (Churchill County), 90  
 Olinghouse, Nevada, 55, 90  
 Orchard and Galloway contractors (Fallon), 85, 136  
 Orilla, Lawrence, 42  
 Overland Hotel (Fallon), 96

## P

Palisade, Nevada, 122  
 PEO Sorority (Fallon), 93-94  
 Phillips, Al, 67-68  
 Phillips, Alice Cirac, 67, 69-70  
 Phillips, Theodore, 69  
 Phillips, Walter, 67-69, 70, 120



Pike, Gertrude, 77  
Pike, W. H. A., 18, 75  
Pittman, Key, 117  
Pittman, Vail, 22  
Pomeroy, George, Jr., 164  
Pomeroy, Mildred Brendel  
    Johnson, 30, 162, 164  
Portlock, Beth M., 86  
Post, John, 130, 138, 139  
Potts, John, 145  
Potts cattle ranch  
    (Smoky Valley, Nevada),  
    145  
Pringle, L. A., 87  
Proctor, Donald "Doll," 31  
Proctor, Dorothy Ford, 32  
Proctor, Elijah, 54-55  
Proctor, Eva May Allen,  
    29, 31  
Proctor, Harold Wesley,  
    31, 32  
Proctor, Harold Wesley,  
    Jr., 32  
Proctor Hug (horse), 36,  
    45, 47, 48  
Proctor, Waldo Allen, 31,  
    32, 51

## R

Racehorses, 35-36, 46-48  
Rawhide, Nevada, 23  
Reclamation, U. S. Bureau,  
    80, 105  
Redman, Allen, 6  
Reed, Florence, 123, 126  
Reed, Mabel, 123  
Reno, Nevada, 28, 124, 125,  
    126, 163  
Republicans, 27, 41-42,  
    44, 160, 165, 166  
Rey del Sierra (horse), 36  
Rey del Sire (horse), 35  
Richards, Florence, 84  
Richards, Jim, 22  
Richardson, John F., 159  
Richie, Curtis J., 77  
Ring, Orvis, 76  
Ringstrom, Mrs. Harry, 129

Rogers, Mr., 100  
Roosevelt, Theodore, 51  
Ross, Mrs. Jack, 93  
Rovelesione (horse), 36  
Rupert, Roy, 136  
Rushby, Lysle, 86

## S

Sain Peris (horse), 35  
Sain Simon (horse), 35  
St. Clair, Nevada, 2-3, 7,  
    19, 29, 37, 88, 90, 130,  
    155  
St. Mary's hospital (Sacra-  
    mento, California), 116  
Saki, Frank, 73  
Saki family (Churchill  
    County), 73  
Salt Wells, Nevada, 37-38  
Sanford, Ida Mapes, 75, 90  
Sanford, Irving, 86  
Sanford, James N., 22, 69  
Sanford, Leslie, 127  
Sanford, Myra, 75  
Sanford, W. W., 133  
San Francisco, California,  
    123  
Sauer, Neva Winters, 33  
Sawyer, Grant, 41  
Schallman, Katie, 15  
Schools of Churchill County,  
    74-88  
    See also: individual  
        schools  
Sears, Fulton H., 81  
Seever, Diane Moore, 164  
Semprolus (horse), 35, 36,  
    45-46  
Sempronius (horse), 45  
Seventh Day Adventists  
    (Fallon), 3, 9-10, 19-  
    20, 64, 75, 88  
Sheckler, Nina, 76-77  
Sheckler district (Chur-  
    chill County), 154  
Sherman, Theo, 84  
Sherwood, Donald, 31, 32

Sherwood, Jennie Proctor,  
31, 49-53, 54  
Sherwood, Owen, 31, 54  
Small, Mrs. Fred, 75  
Smith, Chauncy, 87  
Smith, Will (Fallon), 18,  
75  
Smitten, James, 76, 85  
Society Bridge Club  
(Fallon), 92  
Soda Lake (Nevada), 34,  
74, 96-99, 110  
Soda Lake district (Chur-  
chill County), 91  
Some Fashion (horse), 45  
Sparks, John, 44  
Sparks, Nevada, 116-117  
Spreckels Sugar Company,  
167, 168  
Spudnut shop (Fallon), 95  
Starke, Ed, 154  
Stillwater, Nevada, 2, 3,  
23, 56, 60, 63, 79, 90,  
91, 154, 155  
Stillwater Friendly Club  
(Stillwater, Nevada),  
91  
Stillwater Wildlife Manage-  
ment Area, 106, 107  
Stockman's restaurant  
(Fallon), 95  
Stubbs, Joseph E., 78  
Stumpff, Zora B., 78  
Sturgell, Irma, 86  
Sufuy, Mike, 47, 48  
Summit King mine, 53-54  
Sweet, Ernestine, 86  
Swift Lady (horse), 45  
Swingle Bench district  
(Churchill County),  
74, 104  
Swiss, 11

## T

Taylor, Clyde, 68-69  
Taylor, H. C., 81  
Taylor, L. H., 67, 122  
Taylor, Minnie Theelen  
Branch, 63

Taylor meat company (Love-  
lock), 144  
Tedford, Jack, 93  
Theelen, Annie, 75  
Theelen, Henry, 63  
Theelen, Minnie, 89-90  
Theelen ranch (Fallon),  
15, 63  
Thoma, Mrs. George H., 28,  
125  
Thomas Flyer car, 34  
Thornton, Ben, 112, 113,  
118, 122  
Thornton Hotel (Hazen,  
Nevada), 119  
See also: Ben Thornton  
Truckee-Carson Irrigation  
District (TCID), 105-  
107, 154, 159, 163, 164  
See also: Newlands  
Project, Truckee-  
Carson irrigation  
project  
Truckee-Carson irrigation  
project, 22-23, 82, 118  
See also: Newlands  
Project

## U

Union district school  
(Churchill County), 74-  
75, 78

## V

Vaughn dance hall (Fallon),  
89  
Verplank, C. W., 131  
Virginia City, Nevada, 5, 8,  
17, 36



## W

Wadsworth, Nevada, 2, 3,  
8, 23, 55, 112-115,  
116-117  
Wallace, Florence Kent, 59,  
86, 94  
Walquist, Mrs. Frank, 94  
Walters, Connie Phillips,  
69  
Walters, David, 69  
Walters, Frank E. "Pete,"  
69  
Walters, Warren, 69  
Washington, D. C., 162-163,  
164  
Way, C. M., 165  
Weaver, L. C., 165  
Webb, Mrs. (Higman), 120-  
121  
Wednesday Bridge Club  
(Fallon), 92  
Whit, Doris, 93  
White, Daisy Mae Allen  
Williams, 29, 33, 34,  
49-50, 112  
W. H. Moffat Company  
(Nevada), 144, 145, 146,  
150  
Wicki Jack (horse), 45, 46  
Wier, Jeanne Elizabeth,  
122, 124  
Wightman, D. M., 22  
Wightman, Fred, 84, 85  
Wightman ranch (Fallon),  
66  
Wild Cat Station, Nevada,  
1-2, 7, 29  
Wildlife (horse), 36  
Williams, Abram, 142  
Williams, Bud, 134  
Williams, Mrs. D. E., 128  
Williams, Ed, 34  
Williams, George B., 141-  
142  
Williams, Mrs. George B.,  
90-91, 93  
Williams, Nellie Robbins,  
75  
Williams, Warren W., 16,  
23, 75, 76, 84, 85, 131,  
132, 136, 140, 141-143  
Willis, Gladys, 78  
Winder, Howard L. "How,"  
30, 147, 151, 153, 158,  
185-186, 187, 188  
Winder, Isabel Elizabeth  
Johnson "Sis," 30, 64,  
147, 150, 151, 158, 160,  
169, 183-188  
Winder, James Walter, 30,  
187  
Winder, Patricia Lee, 30,  
187-188  
Wingfield, George, 95  
Wingfield, Roxie Thoma, 125  
Winters, John, 35  
Wiyrick, W. B., 60  
Wonder, Nevada, 23, 33, 34  
Wood, Fred, 77  
Wood, "Red," 121-122  
Woodliff, Frank, 135  
Woodliff, Tom, 135  
Woodliff building (Fallon),  
93, 132-133  
Woods, Marjorie, 126  
Worden, John E., 133, 135